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THE WHALE ISLAND MIMIC INVASION: ATTACKERS CARRYING THE GUNS.

Asthma is Curable!

What more convincing proof can I offer in support of my Hygienic Treatment for CONSUMPTION, **ASTHMA, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS,** DYSPEPSIA, ANÆMIA, etc., than

HUNDREDS OF ABSOLUTE AND PERMANENT CURES in so-called Incurable Cases?

Neither *age, sex,* nor *stage of disease* presents any insuperable obstacle to the almost irresistible power of my "Nature" cure. I have already successfully treated more than

90,000 CASES,

some in advanced years, and many given up as quite hopeless. This treatment can be followed out at the patient's own home without interference with daily occupation or social duties.

In my advertisements and in my explanatory book I give numerous testimonials which demonstrate the marvellous effects of my treatment, and I undertake to forfeit

£1,000 IF I FAIL

to prove that the remarkable testimonials which I publish are not *bona fide* extracts from the patients' own letters.

Lung Disease of Several years' standing cured.

Mrs. Lightfoot suffered from a very distressing cough and wheezing of the chest for between two or three years, accompanied by shortness of breath, pains in the back, and very much headache.

After the cure, the following letter was received:

"I am pleased to tell you I am still continuing in good health. Before I began your treatment I could not get up in the mornings, nor do my work. I always felt so languid, and my cough was most troublesome, and my back very bad, but since I followed your directions I do not feel like the same; and I will recommend you to all my friends.

"Bedford. E. LIGHTFOOT."

(Full address on application.)

Asthma, combined with Blood Spitting, Six years' Standing Cured.

"Dear Sir,—I have been a sufferer from Bronchial Asthma for six years. If I walked any distance I became short of breath and wheezed so that I could be heard all over the house. My strength failed me entirely. I began to spit blood, could not rest night or day. Sometimes I would spend the night pacing the bedroom floor, sitting at the window, and propping myself up quite erect with pillows, but very often uselessly. I had given up all hope of ever being better, having tried everything we could hear of. I am pleased to say I feel as well as ever I did. If I get a cold it passes off without my former trouble. I can rest well, and do my work with pleasure. My friends remark how much better I look. Walking used to be a burden to me, now it is a pleasure.

"Yours very faithfully,

"Ruddington. A. VINCENT."

(Full address on application.)

READ THIS! All sufferers from the above complaints should write at once for my new and exhaustive work on the complete cure of Asthma, Consumption, Chronic Bronchitis, Blood-Spitting, Emphysema, Stomach Complaints, Nervous Disorders, and many other diseases of a chronic type.

Write me in confidence, giving full details about your case, and I will send you, free of charge and under cover, particulars of my method of treatment and free examination sheet. Write at once, do not delay.

If you prefer, call and see me, and you may have a personal consultation and examination free of charge any day between 11.30 a.m. and 5 p.m.

The Head Specialist of the

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TO MOTHERS.

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Has been used over 55 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It SOOTHES the child, softens the gums, allays all PAIN, cures WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA.

Sold by all Chemists at 1/1½ per bottle.

BEETHAM'S LAIT LAROLA REG.

Entirely removes and prevents all **Roughness, Redness, Irritation, Chaps,** &c., and

Keeps the Skin SOFT, SMOOTH, and WHITE

at all seasons. Invaluable for the Complexion.

Delightfully **Soothing** and **Refreshing** after Walking, Golfing, Cycling, Motoring, &c. Bottles 1/-, 1/9, and 2/6 each. Of all Chemists and Stores.

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THE MANAGER,

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TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION.

Shall We Hustle?

FOR.

SOME years ago now the Prince of Wales raised the cry, "Wake up, England!" yet England is still sleeping; but less easily and snugly. There is a disturbing sense that something is knocking at the door.

The Englishman is not by nature a time-saver. If a thing has to be done he does it. You may be quite sure of that. He may put it off for an hour, a day, a week, a month—for five years, but in the end he will do it. He will do it well, too; he has been trained long and carefully, and if it is only turning a spade, or pulling out a nail, he will accomplish the task with a thoroughness which cannot be witnessed without pleasure and admiration.

Ninety-nine times out of a hundred if there is a choice of two methods in carrying out any work he is engaged in, he will prefer the old way; the way of his father (because it was his father's way) and the way of his grandfather (because it was his grandfather's way). The way which he regards with disfavour and suspicion is the "new-fangled way," which upsets his notions of how time should be spent profitably as a man should spend his time who works for a living, and a fair slice of rest and pleasure.

The favourite maxim of the good honest man who is prepared to go through life in the accustomed British way is "Hasten slowly." The question is, can he practise the maxim any longer without being left behind in the race for prosperity?

Mr. Yerkes, the American Tube King, when he first came to this country for the purpose of rearranging our system of getting over and under the ground as fast as possible, said that the average Englishman wanted three minutes in which to leave or enter a train, and that he was going to be taught to do both in sixty seconds.

Here is a typical example of what we have got to understand if we mean to turn over a new leaf and "hustle." Not only in great national undertakings, but in little things, England must wake up if she is going to hold her own.

SOMETHING IS KNOCKING AT THE DOOR!

That something is competition, in the person of those who have already absorbed the spirit of hustle or have engaged men and women of other nationalities accustomed to set a pace which leaves the laggard and the leisurely hopelessly out of the swim.

The Englishman objects to be hurried, and who does not love his conviction that there are only sixty minutes in the hour? But some of the most thoroughly objectionable things in the world are the most necessary, and we cannot any longer shirk the truth that where we formerly walked we must trot, and where we trotted we must gallop.

We cannot recognise without alarm the extraordinary possibilities that are open to such as have once made up their minds to hustle. Those who have been contented in business to go on in the old way are finding, to their cost, that the hustler is in their midst, taking money from their pockets and bread from their mouths. "Stick to the old firm" is a fine motto from the point of sentiment, but it avails nothing when the new firm, full of "go" and "hustle," is electrifying all those about it, until they begin to rub their eyes and wonder how they could have been so long content to drone along like bumble-bees, but without the insect's enterprise in seeking honey.

We never know what we can do until we try, yet how many of us honestly make the attempt to extract the utmost from our capabilities? Take sleepy villages, sleepy towns, and the still sleepy nooks in cities. Comes along the hustler—and the artisan, the small trader, and the business firm must either fall out or follow. The Englishman, long accustomed to regard what he considers his "best" good enough for himself and everybody else, could achieve astonishing results if he would once raise the spirit of hustle within him. He has got to take himself by the scruff of the neck and administer the soundest shaking he has ever seen dog give rat; then he will begin to see THE ERROR *of his slow way and confident assurance* that a Briton cannot be surpassed in the struggle for existence.

Are we incapable of hustling? Not a bit of it. Who, twenty years ago, would have said that Englishmen were fit to conduct modern business enterprises with a dash and spirit that cannot be exceeded across the Atlantic; who would have believed that we could learn to mount motor-'buses with the agility of acrobats and leave them like rifle-bullets?

If we did but admit it, the necessity of hustling has already dawned on us. But our conservative nature will not allow us all to frankly admit that we must make up our minds to say good-bye for ever to the belief that an Englishman's dignity must be preserved at any cost.

John Bull at his ease, taking life for the comfort it will give him, has added to his already capacious waistcoat; he has fallen into sluggish ways, and too readily assures himself that England's prosperity stands where it did, without troubling to verify the fact. As it has been truly said, English employers have had the markets of the world so completely at their feet for the better part of two hundred years that they can hardly realise as yet that they have to face formidable rivals and hustle. But the hour has come when we can no longer go on in the happy-go-lucky, leisurely, condescending style of old. Something is knocking at the door!

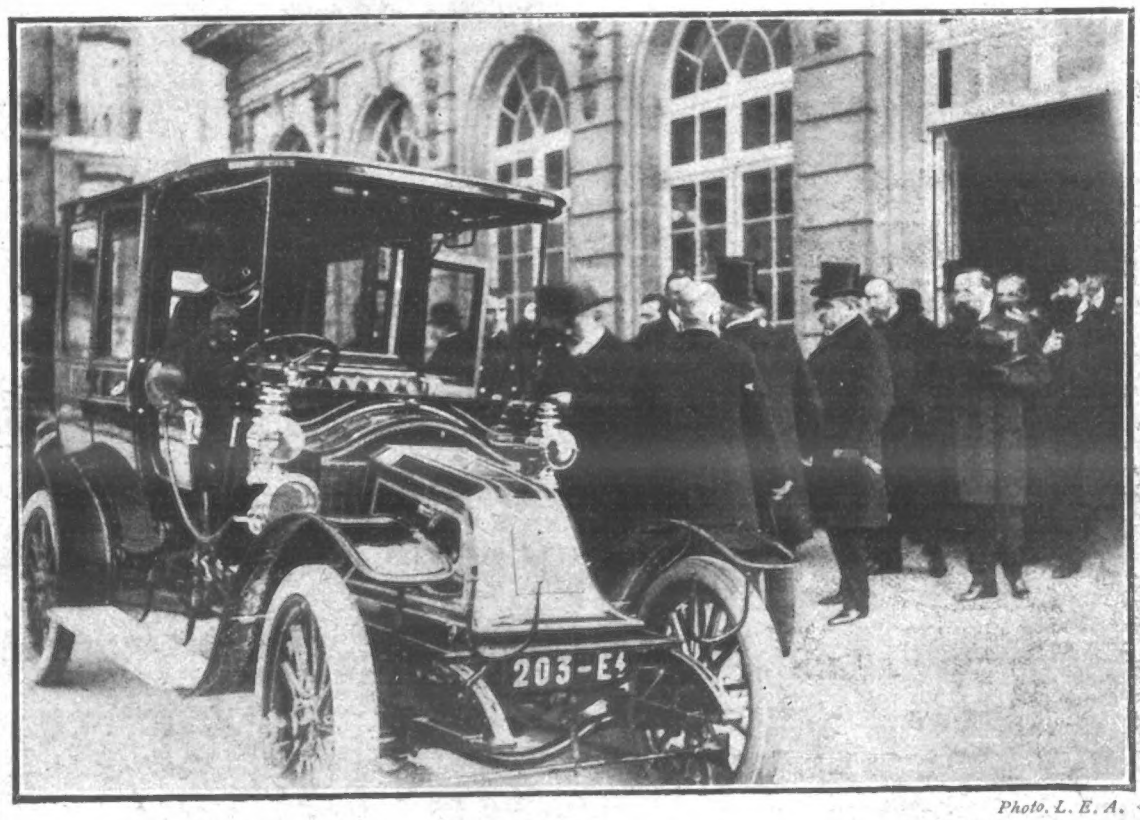


Photo. L. E. A.

A KINGLY HUSTLER IN PARIS: KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH, WHO IS SAID TO BE THE BUSIEST MAN IN ENGLAND.

The following table will give some idea of his hustling during the two months' Continental tour that he has just completed: London to Biarritz, 630 miles; Biarritz to Toulon, 500; Toulon to Cartagena, 560; Cartagena to Malta, 1100; Malta to Naples, 500; Naples to Palermo 200; Palermo to Naples, 200; Naples to Paris, 1200; Paris to London, 300; total, 5190 miles.

AGAINST.

The Briton is slow to change his habits. He prefers to hold his ground and watch other nations while they expend themselves in a wolfish desire to consume one another. He cannot regard the nerve-destroying, devitalising rush, tear, wear and kill of hustle as the "highest form of energy."

To the Englishman his soundness of mind and body, his deliberate, honest work, the determination to give the best that is in him, are very dear. Before he exchanges those qualities for those of the hustler he wants to know if it is quite wise to degenerate into a machine, working at high speed, and leaving him not only "too old at forty," but without an ounce of solid backbone at twenty-five.

Whatever is said of Englishmen and English products throughout the world, British reliability is never in question. It is no boast to say that in reliability this country stands first among all nations. Those who ask England for the best need not "see that they get it." But we are far from narrow-minded. If the hustler wants shoddy we can accommodate him, but we do not attempt to disguise the fact that we have a particular department for this kind of thing at John Bull's Store, and the buyer takes it with his eyes open.

The hustler does not figure in the British mind as a desirable or enviable person.

THE LAND OF HUSTLE WE ADMIRE AT A DISTANCE,

and for merits to which an Englishman has no need to aspire, even if he could wipe out his racial characteristics. The Briton does not see any advantage in machinery which is hustled together, or in hustling the pig into its tin can and calling it mutton to save time. And the Briton is not alone in these views. Manufacturers in European countries have tried the products of hustle, and they have come back to England.

Is hustling necessary in a country which has gauged the best speed for its every output? It has often been said that an Englishman never appears to be in a hurry. This, however, is only an assertion by way of comparison. What it implies is that the Briton who has to catch a train will not catch it like a Frenchman. He will not run all the way. He will merely sprint over that distance which means the difference between seeing the train draw out of the station and passing quietly in through the carriage door.

The Englishman has always been taught to calculate all things to a nicety; he does not scramble and dart and push (the real Briton), but in that expressive, hustle-made phrase, "he gets there all the same." There is an ease and quietness about his methods, a confidence in his set capacity, which it is very good to behold, realising that this is his substitute for the spirit of hustle and bustle that unthinking persons are trying to thrust upon us.

What would our daily lives at home and in business become like if we all of us suddenly became insatiable hustlers? How long should we endure the strain of dashing through life without a moment's pause; of hustling out of our beds to hustle down our breakfast; of hustling to our work in order to set our offices on the hustle; of hustling through business with the idea of hustling other people's money out of their pockets; never content until life had become a ferment, and we overwrought, over-worried, haunted, enfeebled, degenerate shadows of our former sturdy selves?

THE "ENGLISH WAY" HAS HELD ITS OWN IN THE PAST,

and is holding it still. There may be reforms which we should like to see instituted both in the interests of our personal and national welfare; but even the most panic-stricken among us must in our moments of mental balance recognise that such reforms cannot be brought about by a general hustleisation of the United Kingdom.

Yet Britons are threatened by the invasion of the hustler. There are indeed those already among us who are determined, for hardly disinterested reasons, to induce us to resort to the principle of hustle. They have a wily scheme for whipping us off our feet and drawing us up into a whirlwind, which will in the end cast us down bereft of the best that is Briton in us. They know that we cannot stand the pace and that if we fall victims to the craze for hustling we shall also become the servants of the master hustlers who are aliens. We shall have either to tumble to a mode of life which will give us neither health nor happiness or be content to stand aside and watch the gradual supplanting of our industries, our arts, our trades, and our amusements by those of other nations, which are neither what we want as Britons or what will enable us to retain our power, our peace of mind, or our individuality as a nation, opposed in every fibre to the reckless, soulless, panting on-sweep of the hustler.

WEATHER FORECAST FOR THE KITCHEN: Stormy and Squalls, unless Cook is kept in a good frame of mind by a liberal supply of Keating's Powder, which keeps pantry and larder free from Beetles, Ants, and Cockroaches. Sold by Chemists, Grocers and Oilmen, in tins only, 3d., 6d. and 1s. Bellows (filled), 9d.—ADVT

THE CROYDON POISONING MYSTERY: THE ACCUSED MAN IN COURT.

THE EXHUMATION AT BROMPTON CEMETERY THE COFFIN BEING CARRIED TO THE VAULTS AFTER BEING EXHUMED.

EVIDENCE IN BRIEF.

A NUMBER of startling revelations in connection with the Croydon poisoning mystery were made by Mr. Muir, the Treasury counsel, when Richard Brinkley, the Fulham carpenter, came again before the Croydon Bench. Brinkley is accused of the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Beck, of Churchill Road, Croydon, and the attempted murder of their daughter Daisy.

The prosecution's allegation is that the prisoner put poison in a bottle of stout, intending to murder Parker. The motive is supposed to be connected with the will of Mrs. Johanna Maria Blume. Mrs. Blume's body was exhumed on Saturday last. Her will left all her property to Brinkley.

The counsel for the prosecution states that Mrs. Blume, who lived in Maxwell Road, Fulham, had been an intimate friend of Brinkley's for several years. She lived there with her granddaughter, named Danville, who said Brinkley had been a frequent visitor at the house. In November those visits became more frequent. On Dec. 14 Brinkley and a man named Hird were at the house repairing the roof, both men being carpenters. The granddaughter, a professional actress, was in the habit of going up in the morning to a room to play the piano, and Brinkley knew that the old lady was likely to be left alone.

On the following Sunday he visited the house again, and on Dec. 19 the old lady died suddenly. She died under circumstances which for the second time were being investigated.

The same night the prisoner arrived at the house, and a solicitor who was engaged in looking through the papers asked him if he knew of the existence of a will. Brinkley produced out of his pocket a document, dated Dec. 17, which left him absolutely all the old lady's property, worth about £800.

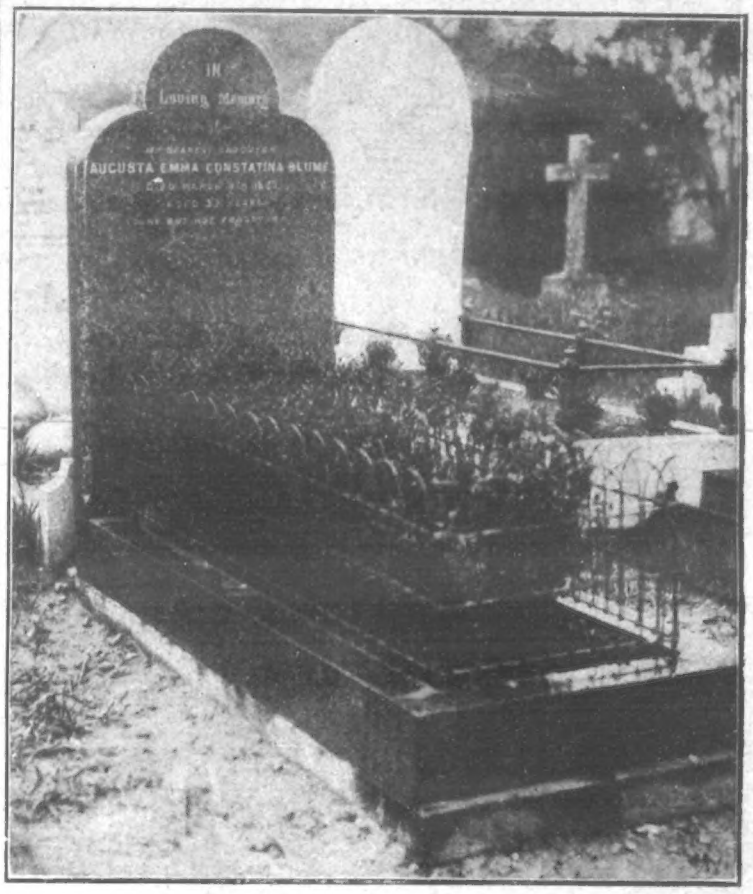
On Jan. 3, went on Mr. Muir, Brinkley called at the house of Mrs. Blume. By that time her daughter Caroline Blume, had disputed the will, which bore the signature of Parker as a witness, and Brinkley had issued a writ. Parker denied ever affixing his signature to the document knowing it was a will.

Brinkley's position thus became difficult. If the will were disputed and Parker still lived, his hopes of succeeding to the property were dead, and also he would be in further difficulty, because he had already been disposing of the property.

Counsel spoke of the arrangements by which Brinkley visited Parker at Croydon with the object of buying a bulldog. That, continued counsel, was a sham. The prisoner did not want a bulldog. His one idea was murder. He alleged that Brinkley laid poison in order that Reginald Parker might drink it, and that Mr. and Mrs. Beck drank it and died.

What the prosecution set out to prove first of all was that Brinkley put poison into a bottle of stout on the night of Saturday, April 20, intending thereby to murder Reginald Parker. The motive which was put forward was quite a plain one.

The case was adjourned until Saturday.



THE GRAVE OF MRS. BLUME, WHO DIED ON DECEMBER 19, 1906, AND FROM WHICH THE BODY OF THE DECEASED HAS BEEN EXHUMED BY ORDER OF THE HOME SECRETARY.

THE CROYDON POISONING MYSTERY: SCENES IN COURT.

MARRIAGE OF MISS ELLEN TERRY.

Bassano.

MR. JAMES CAREW, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN ACTOR.

His secret marriage to Miss Ellen Terry, which took place at Pittsburg last March, has just been made public, and has caused much surprise. Mr. Carew was engaged by Miss Terry to play leading parts in her tour through the United States.

PRINCE FUSHIMI IN ENGLAND.

The battleships *Hindustan* and *Britannia* and the guns of Dover Castle boomed Britain's welcome to the Royal representative of Japan as he approached our shores, and boisterous cheers saluted him when he reached Victoria Station some time later. The Prince of Wales in full admiral's uniform was there to welcome Prince Fushimi, Sir Edward Grey, the Foreign Secretary, and Mr. Herbert Gladstone, Secretary for Home Affairs, were also present, as was the genial Sir Edward Ward, Permanent Under Secretary for War, and Lord Roberts, who slipped quietly on to the platform just a few seconds before the train pulled up. The Duke of Connaught and Prince Arthur of Connaught accompanied the Prince of Wales, and the group of notabilities who surrounded them were attired in every variety of uniform which is permissible at a great State function.

Prince Fushimi, in a blue and gold military uniform, and with his breast covered with orders, presented a picturesque appearance as he stepped on to the platform amid the strains of the Japanese National Anthem. He is a little man, with long black moustaches, and the shako and plume he wore added not a little to his height.

The Prince of Wales warmly greeted the Mikado's representative, and after presentations had been made and greetings exchanged, Prince Fushimi inspected the guard of honour of the Irish Guards drawn up on the platform to receive him, his face being wreathed in smiles as he passed between the lines of Guardsmen.

King Edward, dressed in full uniform as a British field-marshal, received his noble visitor at Buckingham Palace, and after the customary presentations had been made, his Majesty, Prince Fushimi, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Arthur repaired to a smaller apartment and took tea together. Prince Fushimi took occasion to convey to the King an expression of the Emperor's grateful thanks for the honour of the Garter conferred by his Majesty.

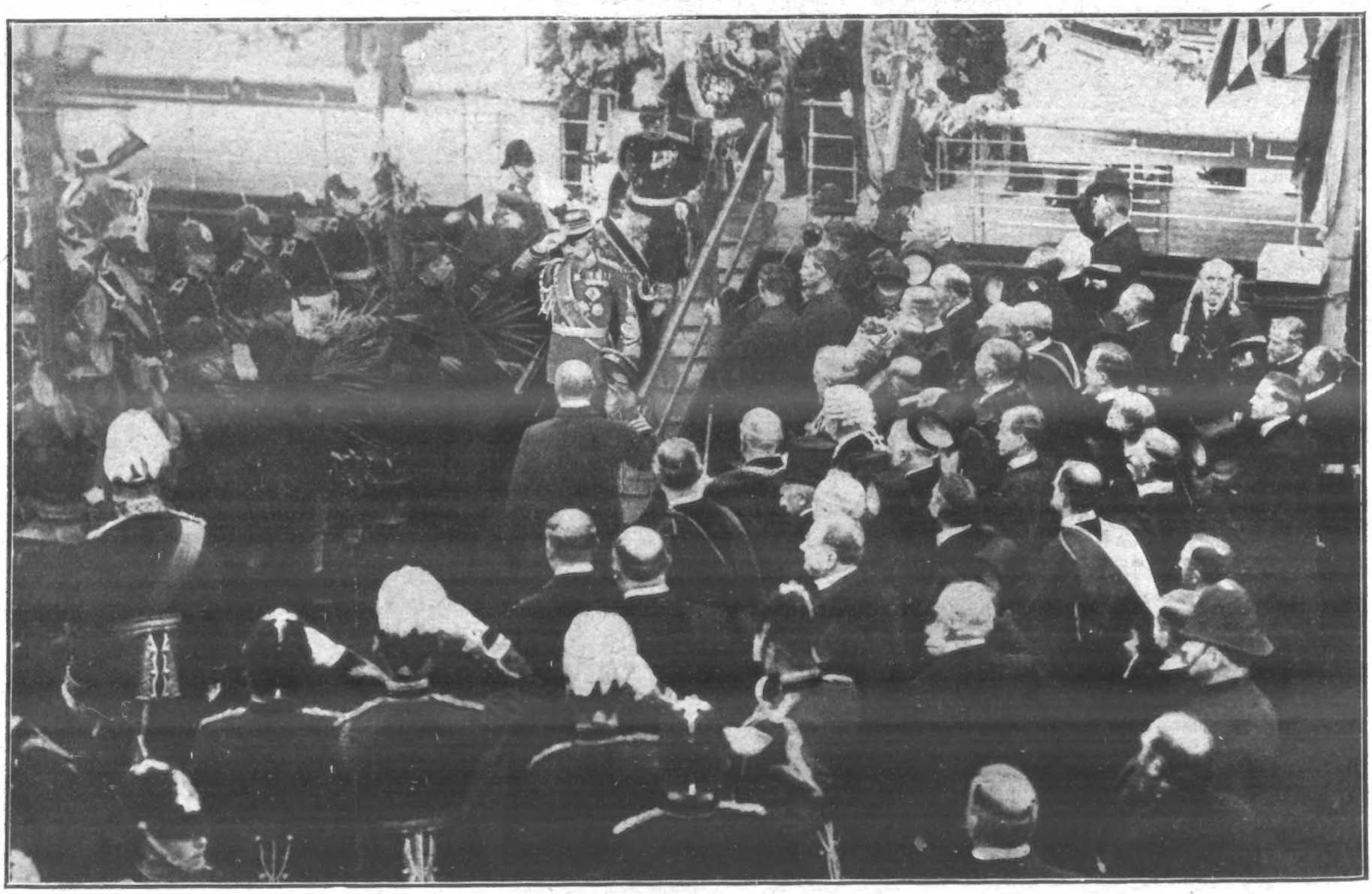
Just before 7 o'clock the Japanese visitors, accompanied by the English Princes, drove down to York House, where Prince Fushimi will have his residence for the duration of his state visit to London, and presently the carriages and escort returned to Buckingham Palace to fetch the King, who, with the principal members of his suite, went down formally to return the visit paid to him at the Palace by the Imperial guest.

PRINCE FUSHIMI'S SPEECH TO THE MAYOR OF DOVER.

"I thank you most sincerely for the cordial expression of welcome which you have been so kind as to address to me. It is very gratifying to me that on my present visit to England I should first set foot upon British soil at this ancient and historic port. The fine view of the celebrated white cliffs of Albion which I have enjoyed from the steamer that has just brought me to these shores has been a sight not speedily to be effaced from my memory. Once more let me assure you of my high appreciation of your kindness, and allow me to add my sincere wishes for the continuous prosperity of the town of Dover, so worthily represented by yourself."

Photo. Mills.

A PARTICULARLY PLEASING PHOTOGRAPH OF THE GREAT ACTRESS, TAKEN RECENTLY.



THE PRINCE FOR WHOM "THE MIKADO" WAS BANNED.

Prince Fushimi arriving in full state at Dover.

MISS DESPERADO

BY HENRY T. JOHNSON

CHAPTER XIII.—*(Continued.)*

THUS it happened that she had abundant time and opportunity for the enjoyment of Felicia Wynne, her new-found friend's society, and the pair became almost inseparable. There were not wanting those who declared Felicia a designing little cat, alleging that she was cultivating the Jerningham girl's friendship to advance the suit of that writing man brother of hers. Among these was Matthew Jerningham's widow, only, to confound their suspicions, it happened that Felix began to be taken away to town very frequently in connection with his continually increasing work, and even his detractors above referred to began to hear and see more of him through the medium of popular magazines and periodicals than in connection with his visits to the Manor House.

The watchful community began to notice, however, that Stephen Jerrold, the young lawyer who had acted for the late lord of the manor, found continually more frequent occasion for calling at the Manor House, and the gossips credited him, too, with having one eye on the handsome heiress and the other on her handsome rent-roll, theirs being the charity that imagineth all things.

So, with her dogs, her horses, her tennis and croquet cosy parties, consisting mainly of her dear Felicia, Stephen Jerrold, now and then Felix, and a few others, the new mistress of the Manor House lived many sunny hours, and some dark ones, these latter mainly in her solitudes. One joy, one consolation was hers, she had almost by a miracle found her mother—that mother, her pity for whom intensified her love for her; it was that pity and that love, and the yearning, so far as might be, to soothe and console her for the sufferings of bygone years, that enabled Marah Delahay to play the part of Diana Jerningham; and but for those motives and impulses she, as we have seen, would have thrown up the part and in silence vanished from the scene.

The eventful outbreak of fire at the Manor House had changed other plans besides Marah's. Eli Harker had loudly lamented even more than such pictures and treasures that had suffered or been sacrificed the destruction of the books and papers relating to his stewardship, particularly, he averred, the vouchers discovered with much pains, and establishing the accuracy of the entries in his books. He breathed again, having obtained, at all events, a temporary respite, flattering himself that he had thrown "the young cat" off the scent, never dreaming what other subjects had driven him and all question concerning him, his guilt or his innocence, from the thoughts of his girlish employer.

Therefore, Mr. Eli Harker was afforded leisure to carry out the wishes, or rather the commands of his newly found acquaintance, Mr. Gibson.

It suited Eli Harker's programme to do so, for while Gibson had any use for him Eli knew himself secure from one of those bursts of ungovernable, vengeful rage to which from appalling experience he knew his former comrade in the ranks of the mustard uniform was prone.

He had not the remotest idea as to the nature of Gibson's plans, beyond that it suited that individual's convenience just then to lie low in that somewhat remote and rural district. He had an uneasy apprehension that Mr. Gibson's sojourn would synchronise with some fraud or swindle, probably mysterious and baffling, within the district, but he chose even to risk this, taking also the chance of being able to put Mr. Gibson away, to risking the consequences of open defiance of the man whom he knew could be so deadly desperate. Even in relation to that chance Gibson had said to him significantly, "Ferret, I want you to bear two things in mind; first, I'm a bit of a thought-reader; secondly, if anybody gives me away before I've been back twenty-four hours, Scotland Yard will know where it can lay hands—yes, and bracelets—on the Ferret."

Accordingly, Eli Harker, on the principle that needs must when the Devil drives, took the responsibility of letting a certain cottage in a certain lane leading through the Jerningham plantations, to Mr. James Gibson, taking the risk of having to explain or discount any reports or rumours that might drift towards the Manor House concerning Mr. Gibson's employment at the Minster Hotel as billiard-marker, or the circumstances connected with the termination of that engagement.

And it happened that one morning Marah, driving Felicia in her village cart along that pleasant lane running through the woods, noticed a man in shirt-sleeves pottering about the old-fashioned garden of the little rose-covered cottage nestled in the shadow of the roadside larches, pines and firs, and remembered Harker reporting that he had found a tenant, and that they were lucky to get one for a cottage in such an out-of-the-way situation.

"I wonder what sort of a hermit the new tenant is," she laughed to Felicia, "for certainly only a hermit would pitch his tent in such a solitude, picturesque as it is."

And as they drew near the cottage they scanned with some curiosity the tall, angular form of the grey-haired man, busy with pruning-knife among the clambering roses, and at the sound of their wheels he looked round and as they passed made them a respectful bow.

And with an icy spasm of the heart Marah Delahay wondered where had she seen that strange shrewd face with the deep lines, the square chin, and the bushy grey eyebrows before. For that she had seen it she was certain, certain she was also, that she had seen it before the days of her present deception, in the days when she was only known as what she was—Marah Delahay.

"Diana dear," exclaimed Felicia, "are you cold? You've turned so pale. Let me take the reins, dear. And, Diana, your new tenant can make a very respectful bow, but he has a way of staring very hard."

CHAPTER XIV.

BECAUSE the news would be so gloriously golden if certain, Felix Wynne said no word until certainty was absolutely assured, so that his sister, when she had recovered sufficient of the breath the wonderful tidings had taken away, demanded of him—

"Felix, how could you, all the time this business has been going on, keep it a secret?"

"I hardly know how I managed to," he laughed "I was longing to tell you day by day, but for a while everything was so indefinite; because the promise was so golden, the disappointment would have been all the more bitter, and I knew that if the golden promise were not fulfilled, my little sister would so feel the disappointment."

Felix had placed a play, and with a West-End management. The play was being cast, first rehearsals had been called, and Felicia Wynne had not for certain known, though she had often guessed, that he had written one. He had, as it were, with his first shot, got right on the target; whether or not he had scored a bull's-eye, an inner, or even an outer, remained to be signalled by his first-night audience This much, however, was gloriously true; while all sorts and conditions of men, sick at heart, were bombarding the frowning stage-door fortresses with all sorts and conditions of plays, Felix Wynne, young and untried, had with his first effort secured, at all events, a production, and old hands who were in the cast who had read the play, reticent and non-committal as they were, gave sundry significant signs that they were sanguine of its success.

So that the papers and periodicals were sprinkled with paragraphs relating to the forthcoming work and its author. And quaint, sleepy old Bayminster rubbed its eyes on waking up, to discover that only just beyond its boundaries it had a neighbour, on whom the attention of the literary and artistic world was centred expectantly. So far from the changes of fortune affecting Felix with any symptoms of swollen head, people found him more cheery and natural than ever. Stephen Jerrold, asked if incipient celebrity had at all affected his friend, replied promptly—"Yes, it has made him, if possible, a better fellow than ever."

The question was asked and answered at the Dean of Bayminster's garden party, and the girl known as Diana Jerningham, taking Stephen's arm, whispered—"How splendid of you! Oh, Stephen, I want you to tell me all about his good fortune. Will his new work set the seal upon his fame? He is so modest, so unpretentious; there is no getting him to talk about himself or his work, though I know he is as brilliant as he is brave and true. Tell me, what are they saying in London about the coming play?"

"It is the topic of the hour; a whisper has got abroad that in Felix Wynne the long looked-for dramatist at last has arrived to lift the standard of modern plays above the dead dreary level of wretched mediocrity. They are declaring in one bound Felix Wynne will burst through and far ahead of the so-called front rank who have attained spurious and ephemeral notoriety by their own pushfulness, aided by the power and commercialism of their cliques, and the indifference of a public with a jaded palate."

"How delightful," said Marah, "in these days just for once to see a Galahad like Felix win his laurels at his first essay! Success will not spoil him, but at his age it will be doubly sweet."

"It will be priceless to him for one reason," said Stephen Jerrold: "because it will enable him to lift his eyes where otherwise he would never dare to."

Marah's bosom heaved, her breath came quickly between her parted scarlet lips. "What do you mean, Stephen?" she asked, trying to steady her voice.

They were standing in a corner of the Deanery garden, all gay and glorious with blooms of all reds, all whites, and all yellows, and heavy with their fragrances; from not far away floated the music of violins, and the waltz refrain, the scent and the glory of the flowers seemed blended in one whirling harmony, on which Marah's soul was floating as she listened to Stephen's words: "I will tell you, Diana, because I am your friend and his friend. Felix Wynne loves you. Should his fortune fail him, and every hope be crushed, he will never tell you, because you are wealthy—and he is proud. He will never, so long as Heaven vouchsafes him health and strength of brain and body, be what the world calls poor, but he will never tell you his great love for you; he will never claim you until he stands so well in all ways that the world can never charge him with wooing your fortune."

For a moment the girl stood silent, her eyes full of tears, and, with a catch at her breath, she whispered: "Stephen, what does it really matter what the world thinks, so that people who love each other know."

"That is what I tell him, Diana," said Stephen with eager haste. "What does it matter what the world suspects when he knows that he loves you for yourself alone? Oh! Diana, time after time I have heard him wish aloud with all his heart only that you and he had met on planes reversed, that he, his fortune won, had happened on you poor and lowly. Why, Diana, what is the matter?"

For she had hidden her face in her hands and was weeping, her broken heart was sobbing to think how her evil doing had punished itself, and that but for that one wicked step down the steep of falsehood and fraud, she might never have met and loved this Galahad whose shield was Truth's own mirror, or else, meeting him, have stood before him in humble station and lowly guise, but white and true of soul, and by reason of that whiteness and that truth have won his love.

"Diana," Stephen was whispering, "why do you weep when you should be joyous? When even the fortune that he wanted to complete the whole armour of his love is on the way, so that he soon may come and ask your love, all the world knowing that he asks it not because of the great name you bear or the great wealth and vast possessions that are yours, but only because you are beautiful and, above all, good and white and true."

As coals of fire, as whips of steel, his words fell on her heart, so that in the paroxysm he could not understand, she turned and fled from him, with tear-dimmed eyes, with flaming cheeks, and downcast head.

Only when she had reached a deserted corner of the gardens did she dare look up, then it was at the sound of a footstep crunching the gravel path, and she beheld advancing—Mr. Gibson.

Who, notwithstanding that he had been dogging her footsteps and waiting impatiently for this opportunity, feigned a surprise that in a calmer moment would have struck her as exaggerated.

"Why, what a little world indeed it is!" Mr. Gibson, lifting his hat, exclaimed.

"I beg your pardon, I think you are mistaken," she answered coldly, advancing to pass him.

But, without any apparent rudeness, he had placed himself in her path. "Impossible! No one could forget you, still less your goodness; the recollection of benefits, though it may dull some memories, makes others keener, believe me." And there was a meaning emphasis in the words that followed—"I seldom forget faces—or names."

(Continued on page 303.)

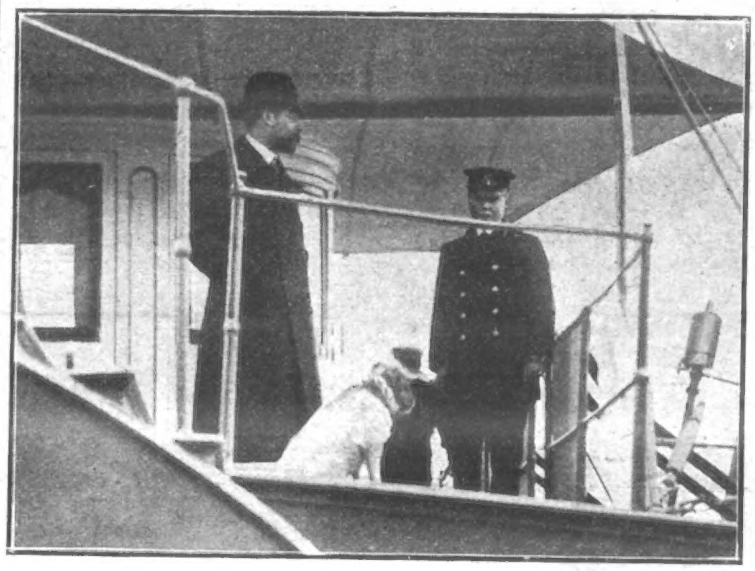


Photo. Cribb.

A PRINCE TO SERVE HIS COUNTRY.

Prince Edward, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, has just started his life as a naval cadet. Our photo. shows him with his father. By his side is his favourite dog, which he is to keep with him.

THE OBESITY PERIL.

Vital Facts Ignored.

THAT very fat people carry their lives in their own hands no doctor will deny. Most often they do not know that the difficulty in breathing, the sudden heats, the exhaustion after physical effort, the palpitation of the heart, the feeling of oppression at the throat and chest, etc., are really dangerous symptoms; but when they are alive to the fact that these symptoms may be precursors of a complete collapse and syncope through heart failure, to neglect them, as many do, is almost suicidal. Fatty degeneration of the heart and liver should never trouble anyone who adopts the *sure* means offered to him of absorbing and eliminating the masses of fatty matter that impede the functional action of the vital organs and so imperil life and health. Antipon will do this great and necessary work without risk, discomfort, or worry, and the simple and harmless treatment is as pleasant as it is efficacious, unfailing and permanent in its beneficial results, when followed according to the few simple directions accompanying each bottle. Why, then, endure the constant menace to life?

* * *

THE evils arising from neglected obesity are, indeed, many. Gout, rheumatism, anæmia, sour stomach, sluggish liver and kidneys, constipation, indigestion, recurrent headaches, and other nervous or functional disorders are too often patiently endured by over-fat persons of both sexes. A totally unnecessary burden of suffering.

* * *

IN many cases the excuse may be found in the fact that the sufferers are disheartened at the sequence of failures they have experienced in connection with the old-time remedies and treatments they have essayed, and the useless dietetic experiments they have tried. The old-fashioned semi-starvation and drugging methods of reducing weight have much to answer for. Neither drugging nor partial starvation will ever destroy the root evil of the disease of obesity, that is, the *tendency to get fat without apparent cause* (many very stout persons are sparing in their diet). Antipon *does* overcome that distressing tendency, and therefore cures permanently, not merely temporarily. Once the figure reduced to elegant proportions and the weight to normal there is no necessity to revert to the treatment with ordinary prudence in matters of hygiene and health. And what a weight off the mind to know that the menace to life and health exists no more!

* * *

APART from its wonderful fat-absorbent powers, Antipon is the tonic of tonics, having a marked beneficial effect on the whole digestive economy. It improves appetite, and thus compels good feeding, without any useless dietary restrictions. It promotes digestion, assimilation, and nutrition. This perfect nourishment of the whole organism can but increase muscular strength, nerve force, and brain power. The effect on the general health is simply marvellous, and friends, unaware that a simple and pleasant home treatment is being followed in privacy, gaze in wonder and admiration at the unaccountable transformation in health and beauty.

* * *

THE subject will be delighted to find that even the first day and night will bring about a difference, the decrease varying between 8 oz. and 3 lb. There is also a pleasant feeling of buoyancy and renewed energy. Then, day by day, until complete cure, the conditions improve, weight decreasing, health returning, spirits rising. The subject soon begins to enjoy outdoor exercise and recreations, and thus physical "fitness" has a further stimulus. In conclusion, it should be remarked that the reduction affects every part of the body—face, figure, and limbs—proportionately; and thus the symmetry and beauty once possessed are not only recovered, but improved.

* * *

ANTIPON contains none but pure and absolutely harmless vegetable ingredients, is refreshing to the palate, and, being a liquid, easy to take. It never causes any stomachic or any other trouble.

* *

ANTIPON is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by chemists, stores, etc., or, should difficulty occur, may be obtained (on sending remittance) direct from the sole manufacturers, The Antipon Company, 13, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

NOTICE TO "P.I.P." CRICKETERS.

WE are always glad to know of the doings of *P.I.P.* readers at cricket. County matches are interesting enough in their way, but we are sure that our readers would be even more interested to see in print the doings of themselves and their friends. We are therefore making all *P.I.P.* cricketers the following offer:—

We will publish week by week the results of matches played by clubs of which any of our readers are members, free of charge. All we require is that the information—full names and scores—reach us on the Monday after the Saturday on which the games have been played.

Hurry up, "Pippers," and do not lose this opportunity of having your sporting achievements chronicled.

THE GRAND OLD MAN OF CRICKET.

DR. W. G. GRACE is to be heartily congratulated on the marked improvements he has effected in the "Bowler's Annual for 1907." It contains an interesting account of the "British Bowlers' Visit to Canada" last year, from the pen of Mr. Andrew H. Hamilton, S.S.C., secretary of the Scottish Bowling Association, particulars of the different national bodies governing the game, and a directory of clubs affiliated to the different associations.

MONTHLY 5/- YOU can buy from me on Easy Terms Triumphs, Centaurs, Coventry Challenge, Premiers, Progress, Humbers, Rovers, Swifts at pounds below Makers' and Agents' cash prices. Rudge Whitworths from £5. No Bondsmen or references. A High-Grade Coventry-made Cycle £3 19s. cash, or 5s. monthly. Write for free Lists To-DAY. Machines on approval. EDWD. O'BRIEN, Ltd. The World's Largest Cycle Dealer, Dept. P 8, COVENTRY. 12 YEARS' GUARANTEE.
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CRICKET.

WE are in the early days of cricket, yet the games played up to date throw some light on the matches to come. Of course, one cannot make mention of the prospects of the South Africans, except to say that they are thoroughly in earnest, and, in the words of one of their number, they intend "to run the Australians close." Whether their aspirations will be crowned with success on the field remains to be seen, but there is no gainsaying their enthusiasm. Sherwell and S. J. Snooke were included in the M.C.C. eleven which opposed Yorkshire early in the week, and, naturally, the former's efforts "behind the sticks" were narrowly watched, for it is recognised that the South African captain has a hard task to fill Halliwell's shoes as wicket-keeper. That he is keen admits of no question; that he will succeed is certain if keenness goes for anything.

Surrey started at the Oval with a game against a Gentlemen of England team, got together by the evergreen W. G. Grace, and the Lords people began the season in their usual fashion with a match between M.C.C. and Ground v. Notts.

Neither match was particularly interesting. Surrey easily beat "W. G.'s" eleven, and at headquarters, after two blank days, a draw resulted. The latter contest was far from satisfactory, for the weather was bitterly cold, and it came as a relief to everybody when rain fell on the last day, and put an end to what was, from a cricket standpoint, little better than a farce.

Things panned out very differently last Monday, when Yorkshire appeared at Lord's, and Northamptonshire took the field at the Oval. At headquarters there were several exceptional circumstances which lent added interest to the match, for, as already said, two of the South Africans, P. W. Sherwell and S. J. Snooke, were assisting the Club.

Yorkshire showed themselves the same solid side that they have been in the past. John Tunnicliffe captained the team, in the absence of Lord Hawke, and the Pudsey professional handled the eleven in a way that one would expect from such an experienced cricketer. George Hirst showed that he has lost neither skill nor pace, while Rhodes and Haigh gave evidence of the retention of all their old-time ability. Others who caught the eye most were Lieutenant H. S. Kaye, B. B. Wilson, and Myers, all of whom batted with marked skill. Wilson will certainly be heard of in the future.

The "Club" had a very good side, and it was pleasing to see P. F. Warner come out on top in batting. His 58 in the first innings of the M.C.C. was a really fine effort, and contained many grand drives and leg-glances. His innings apart, the Club batting was rather commonplace. The bowling honours easily fell to Albert Trott and George Hirst, both of whom made the ball do a lot on the treacherous wicket.

Still harping on the personal, it must be noted that Tom Hayward is early in form. Playing for his county against Northamptonshire, the famous Surrey professional scored a great innings of 68. J. N. Crawford also did well, and carried his bat for a vigorous 46. The young amateur will do great service for Surrey this season.

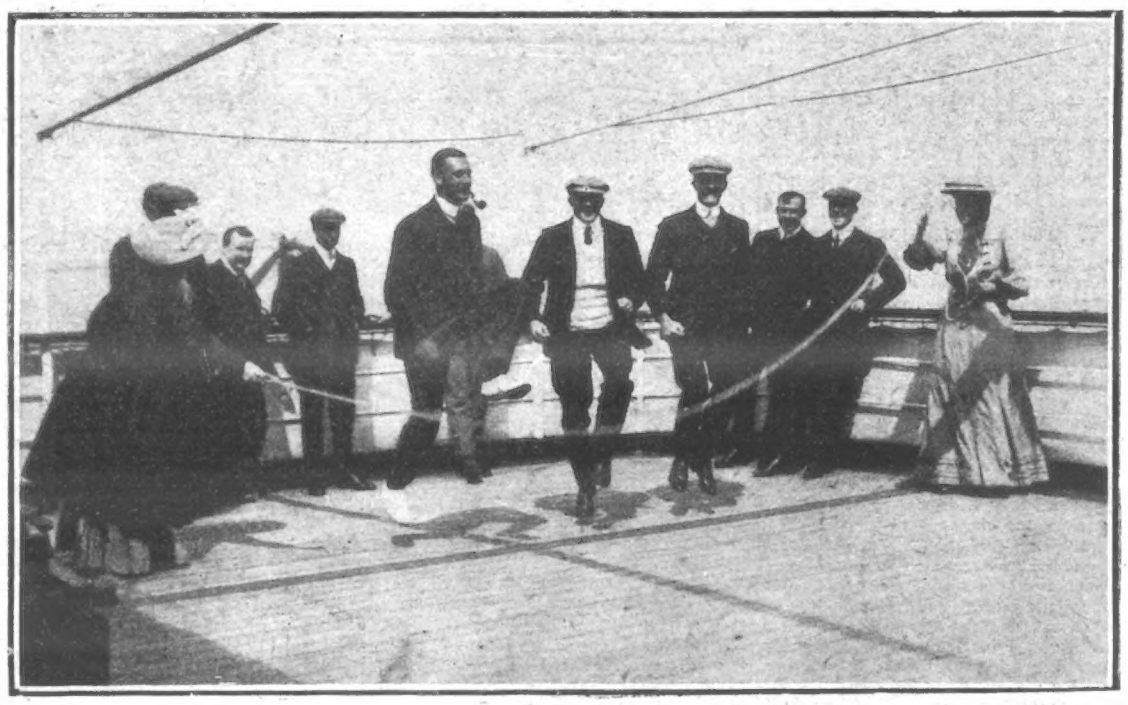
ATHLETICS.

One of the oldest, one of the best, and one of the most popular of clubs, it is no wonder that the Blackheath Harriers always draw a big crowd to their annual athletic meeting, and there was plenty of enthusiasm over the fare provided at the Crystal Palace last Saturday. Contrary to custom, there were no cycle races, but the many fine finishes that were seen made up for any little disappointment that might have been felt in connection with "wheeling."

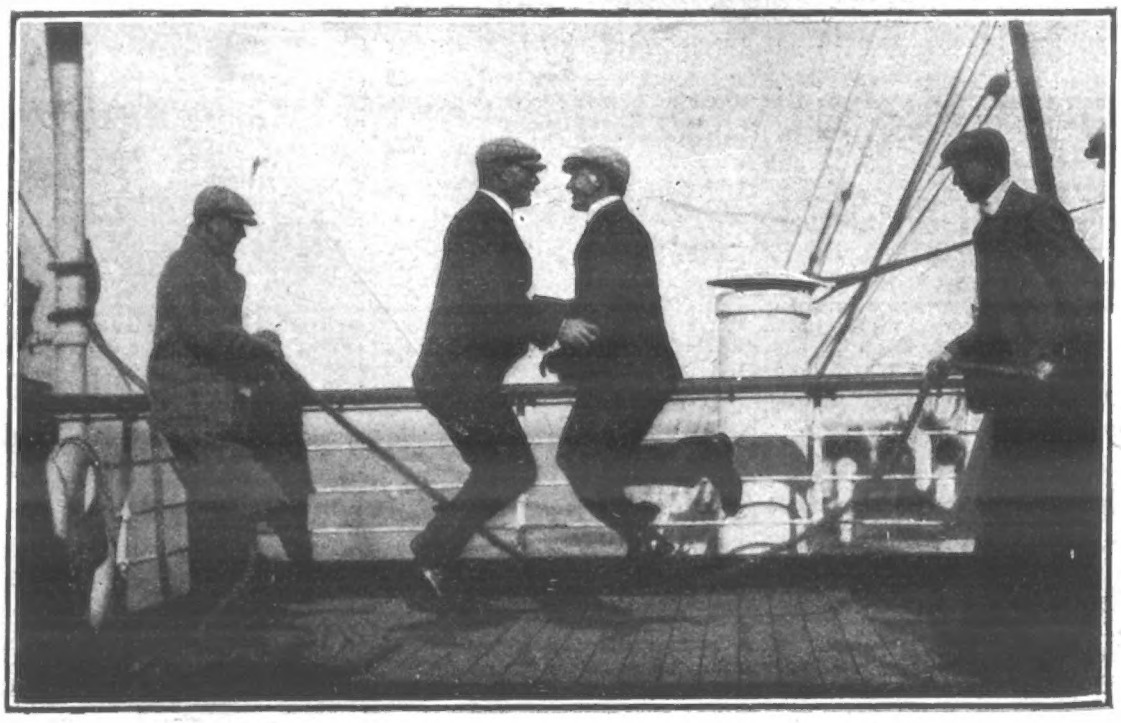
One of the grandest races of the day was the final of the 100 yards open handicap. G. A. Tappin, Cambridge H., received 10 yards; A. Longhurst, S.L.H., received 3½ yards; and J. P. George, S.L.H., received 2 yards, were almost abreast at the finish, and the judges were some time in directing their numbers to be placed in the order

THE SMILE OF THE SOUTH AFRICANS.

SOUTH AFRICAN CRICKETERS ABOARD THE "DURHAM CASTLE."
A bolster-bar fight. Note the smiles of the victor and the vanquished.



THE TEAM BEING TRAINED BY FAIR FRIENDS.
Three of the South Africans doing a combined skip.



VOGLER AND NOURSE ACCOMPLISHING A SKIPPING DUET.

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WITH THE FREE ART CATALOGUE you will receive the most liberal and marvellous Bicycle offer ever made by any cycle manufacturer or dealer, explaining how we are able to send you a high-grade Coventry Cycle, *guaranteed ten years, packed free and carriage paid* direct from the factory for your inspection and approval at less than manufacturers' prices; how we are able to let you ride the cycle ten days and give it every *trial* and *test* you wish before your purchase becomes binding; how for the cycle you can pay less than you pay for tram fares—all are fully explained in our latest proposition, which will be sent you free, post paid. Whether you are a cyclist or not it will interest you.
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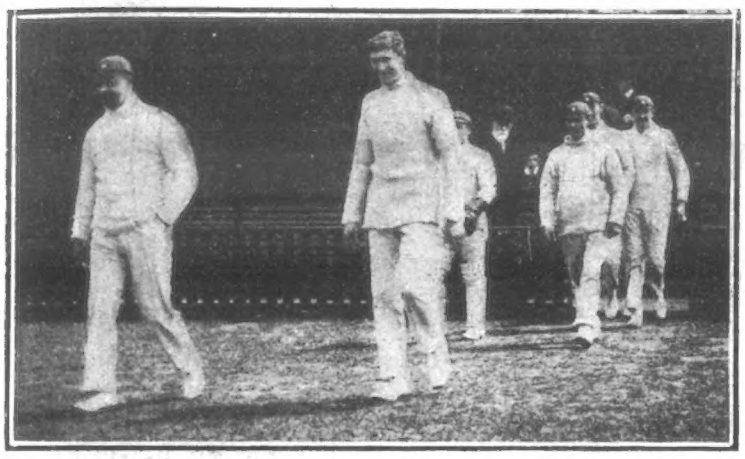
CRICKET AT THE OVAL.
Dr. W. G. Grace leading the Gentlemen into the field.



CRICKET AT THE OVAL.
Surrey entering the field, Hayward and Marshall leading.

their names are written. The time was returned at "evens," so that it may readily be imagined what sort of sprinting was shown by all three men.

The "Barclay-Esson" Cup fell to the holder, M. P. S. White, who covered the half-mile in 2 min. 8 2-5 sec. He was a very easy winner, for A. J. Simmonds, the second man, was eight yards behind, while E. J. Denney was third, two yards further in the rear. The one-mile open handicap showed a flattering result to the work of the adjuster of the "weights," for L. J. Manogue, of the promoting club, only just caught E. Jones (Polytechnic H.) on the tape, with Watson, of the Essex Beagles, about five yards behind. Manogue, who received 95 yards start, and Jones, whose allowance was 106 yards, both ran magnificently in the big field of 54, the time being returned at 4 min. 19 2-5 sec. Not much chance here for an extreme backmarker.

In the 300-yards open handicap, D. W. Gardner, Cambridge H., won by a yard from W. F. Paulton, Blackheath H., both these starting from the 26 yards' mark. C. D. Rees had 4 yards less, but finished close up to Paulton. The winner's time was 31 3-5 sec. The three-quarter mile open steeplechase handicap was won by John Loveys, Blackheath H. (105 yards), in 3 min. 47 2-5 sec., E. H. Montague being second; while the two miles' open walking handicap was fought out by A. Cruse, Essex Beagles (220 yards), and W. Garrod, Cambridge H. (250 yards), the former getting home five yards ahead, in 13 min. 41 4-5 sec.

TENNIS.

Eustace Miles has been deposed from the position of tennis champion, and Jay Gould, the young American, reigns in his stead. Many reasons for the defeat of the English crack have been advanced, but to my mind the only one that is correct is that Miles was out of practice. At times he played as no other man can, but towards the finish he failed badly. Perhaps the fact that he had to wait several times owing to Gould suffering from cramp in the fore-arm, had something to do with his falling-off; but the fact remains that he was beaten by three sets to two, the scores being 6—4, 3—6, 1—6, 6—2, 6—4, in favour of the American. This is only the second time in nine years that Miles has lost the championship, V. Pennell being victorious in 1904. It is also interesting to note that Miles is nearly thirty-eight years old, while Jay Gould is yet in his teens. The prospect for England is not good.

MR. BERT WICKHAM.

MR. BERT WICKHAM is a strong man, new to London, but his powers are such that his reputation here is assured. He has had great athletic experience in the provinces, where prizes for strength, agility, and skill have fallen to his lot.

With repeated public tests in the country, he resolved to try London, and, as he had given a show in the city of Bristol, a London manager who saw him made an offer for the metropolis, and arrangements were completed for a Press meeting at Hengler's Circus. Here before a body of experts Mr. Wickham proved himself to be a strong man of no ordinary type, and he was engaged on the spot for a series of public performances in the Argyll Street house.

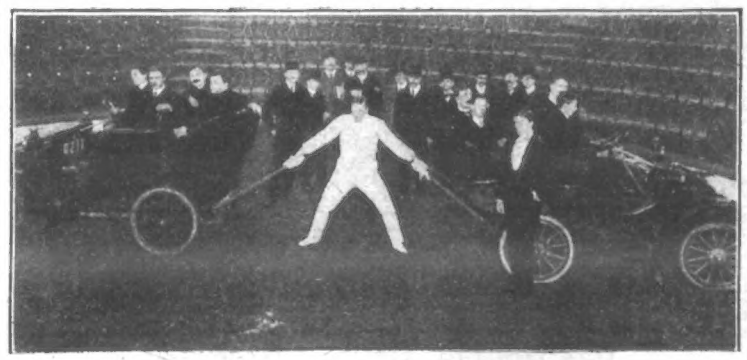
Mr. Wickham is but twenty-four years of age, and his condition may simply be described as superb. Of excellent build, without a superfluous ounce of flesh, muscles like metals, and a will of utmost strength, we see in the calm, collected athlete a modern Apollo, who disdains any and every trickery, and puts before his audience simply those acts he can truthfully carry out.

Mr. Wickham takes a tennis-ball and rends it in twain before the spectators. The act looks simple. Let the reader try the same act, and he will see tennis-balls are no child's play in the rending. His next act is to break a horse-shoe in twain. This shoe is tested by so many men, before the audience, who try all they can to break it. This proves the strength of the shoe. The next thing is the strength of Wickham. He takes the iron article, and in a few seconds he has divorced the halves, and sent them spinning.

These little acts are simply the prelude to the master-powers which Wickham has to introduce. In the spectators there is a growing belief that Wickham is a genuine strong man, and above mere charlatanry. Now he is ready for a test that never yet was seen on stage or in ring. Two 12-h.p. motor-cars are driven into the ring. Ropes are attached to each, and these ropes are taken by Wickham, as he stands between the cars. The drivers are requested to drive from Wickham, one right and the other left. Probably a severer test was never yet placed on human arms. Wickham's strength is now put out in a way which electrifies his audience. The chauffeurs are straining their utmost to drag off the arms of the athlete, who stands firm as Gibraltar Rock. He actually draws both cars to his side, and then, with superb contempt, throws down the ropes. Needless to say, the plaudits of the audience are such as are heard in public only when very great work is placed before spectators.

As a concluding act Mr. Wickham has a saw-dust line made across the ring. Then a twelve-horse car comes in, and a rope is stretched across the line. The chauffeur begins to drive away, but Wickham has taken the rope on the car-rear, and after a battle of a minute or two, he drags the car across the line, and thus again proves his claim to colossal strength.

Such an athlete should go far, for his feats are fresh to a public surfeited with most things. Therefore, there can be no doubt that, with the passing of time, London will increasingly appreciate this really genuine and gentlemanly athlete.



THE MAN WHO IS STRONGER THAN TWO MOTORS.
Mr. Bert Wickham, the wonderful strong man, who is appearing in a novel turn at Hengler's Circus.

STREATHAM DOG SHOW.
Miss L. A. Paull's Irish Terrier, "Purchase," four first prizes.

SMART FOOTWEAR.

IT is not always the boot that makes the foot look smart, though, naturally, it has much to do with it. But even the best boots will look shabby, or even old, unless they are properly polished. This sounds an easy enough matter, yet it is not so very simple to get a thoroughly lasting polish on boots in a short time. One of the best preparations for this purpose is "Meltonian Paste," which is manufactured by the well-known firm of Messrs. E. Brown and Sons, 100c, Queen Victoria Street, London E.C.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor is always glad to consider photographs of topical interest, but does not hold himself responsible for their safe-keeping.

No photograph or manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

All contributions should be addressed to—

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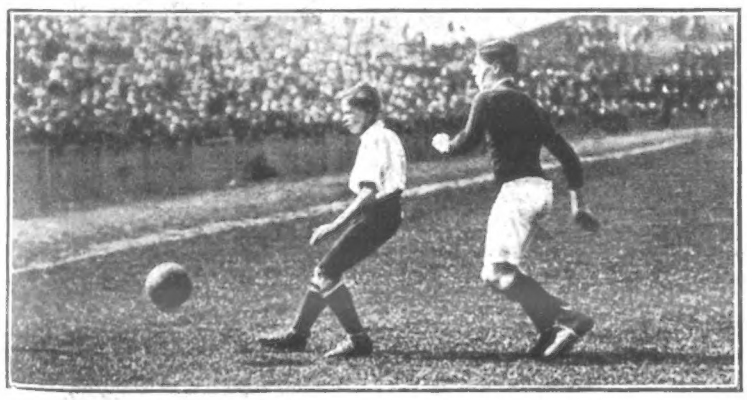
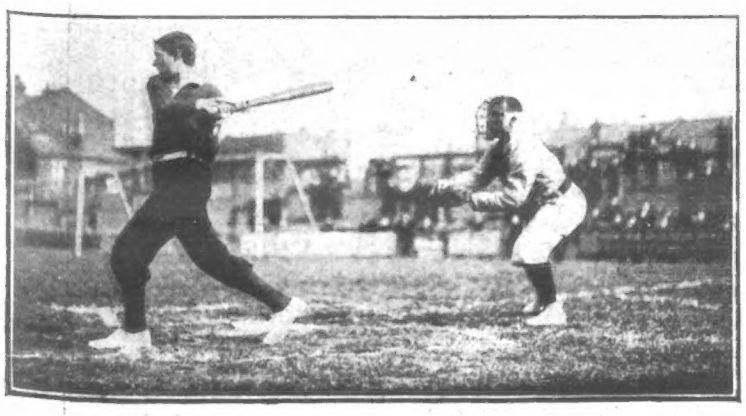
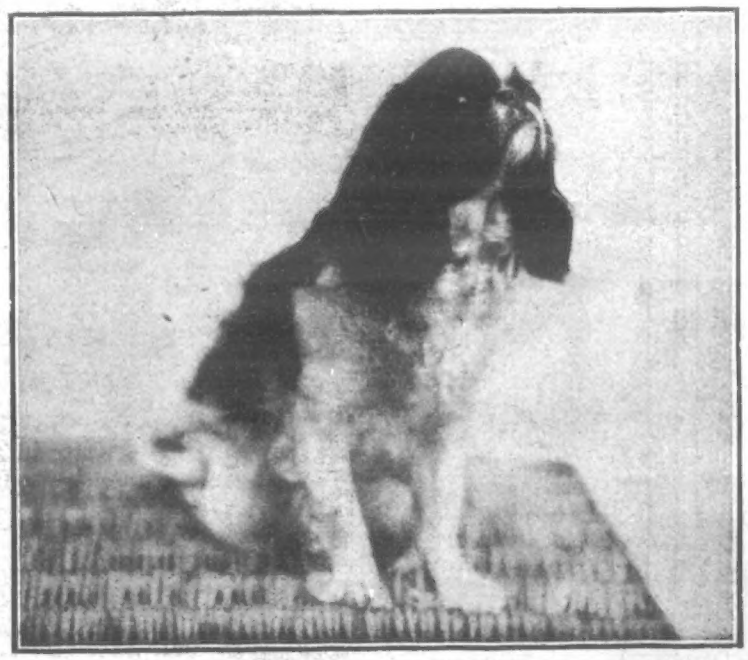
The Penny Illustrated Paper,
172, STRAND, LONDON, W.C



BOYS OF LONDON v. BOYS OF EDINBURGH.
The Boys of London succeeded in beating their Scotch rivals on Saturday in the last match of the season.



THE "'SPURS" IN BASEBALL.
Whyman, of Tottenham Hotspur, hits hard.



STREATHAM DOG SHOW.
Mrs. F. Webster's toy spaniel "The May Fly," two first prizes.

PICTURES & PEOPLE OF INTEREST.

OFF TO THE NORTH POLE.
The "Roosevelt," in which Peary will make his expedition to the North Pole.

Photo. Illustrations Bureau.

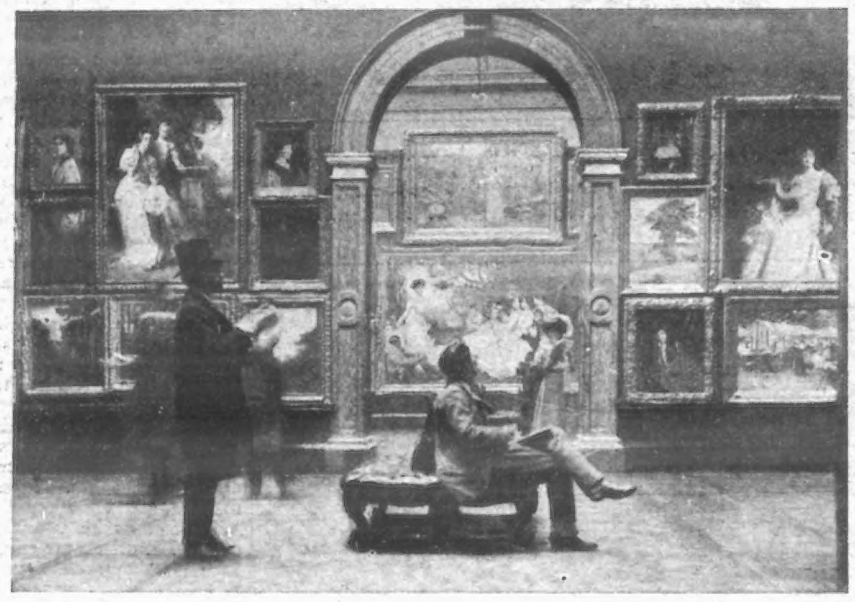
PEDLAR PALMER'S WREATH.
The wreath bearing a card is the one sent by the boxer, now under arrest, for the grave of his victim, Choat.

OFF TO THE NORTH POLE.
Captain Peary, who next month will make another attempt to reach the North Pole.

THE SUFFRAGETTES' M.P.
The Hon. Bertrand Russell, the Suffragette candidate for Wimbledon.

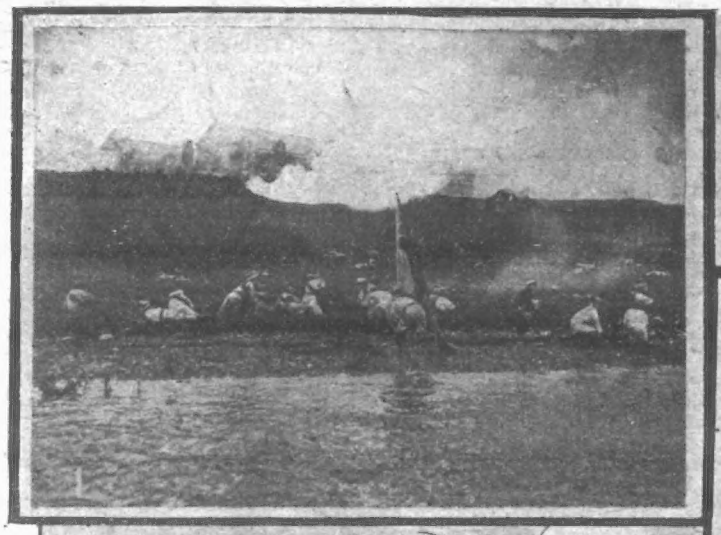
SOUTH AFRICAN CRICKETERS.
They are having a busy time. Our representative was only able to catch three of them at lunch.

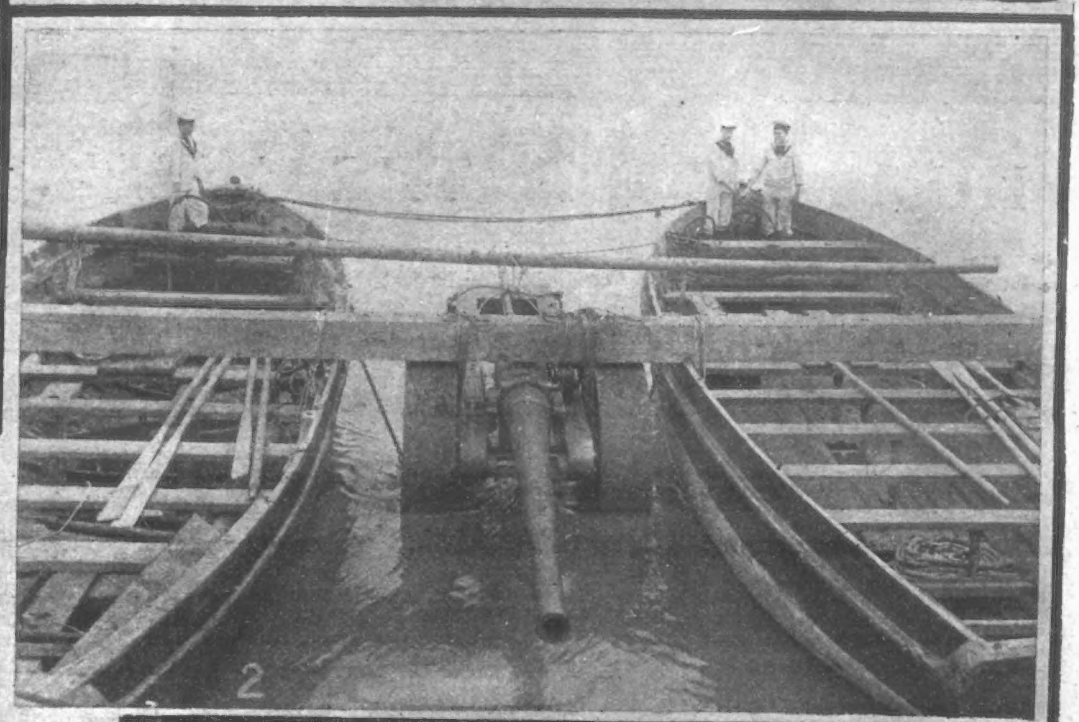
A SPOTTED FEVER CONVALESCENT.
Morris Citron, a lad of thirteen, has just been discharged from the Whitechapel Infirmary.

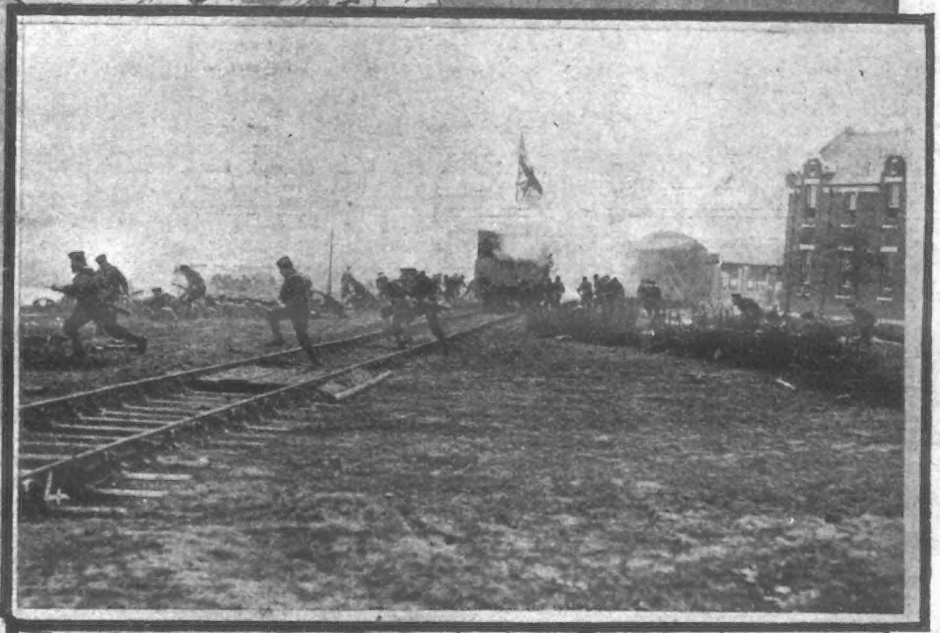


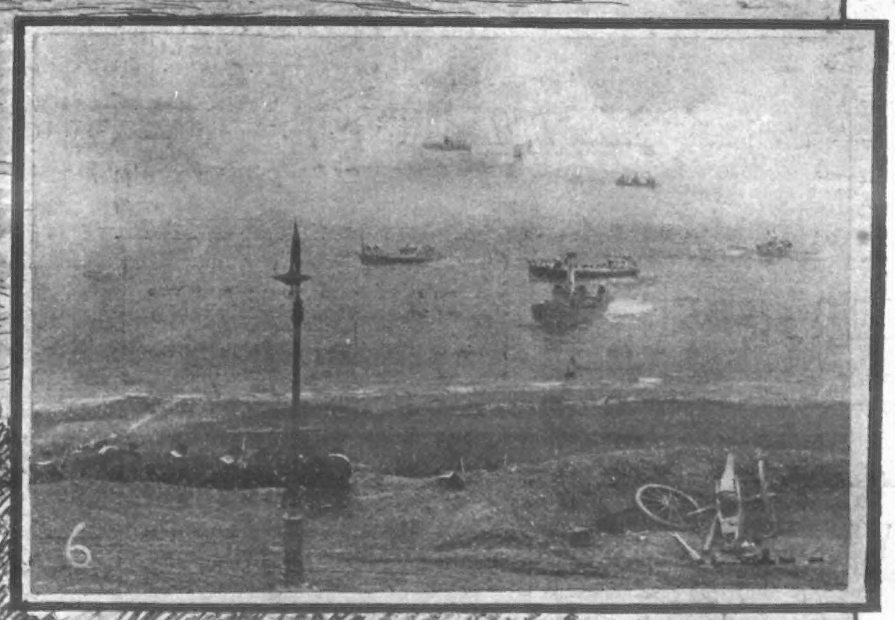
BEFORE THE PUBLIC ARRIVED.
A snapshot taken in this year's Academy on the day that the pictures were viewed by the Press.

THE ATTACK ON WHALE ISLAND





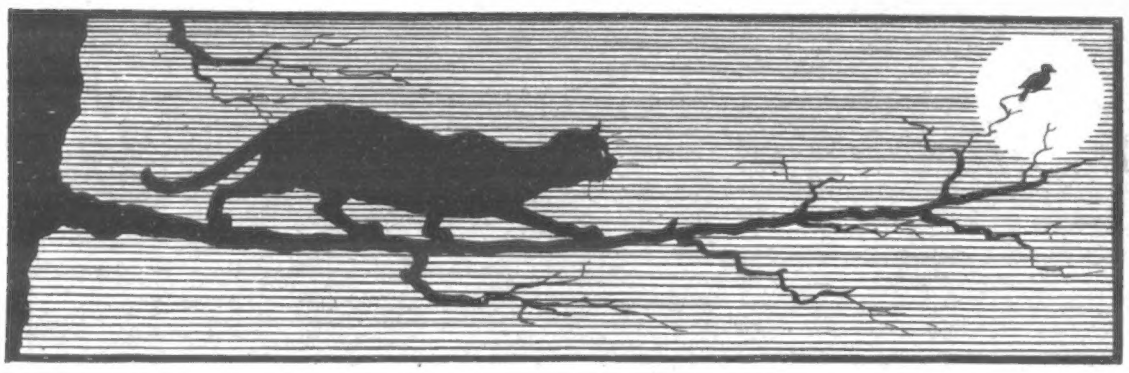




Photos. Cribb and General Illus. Co.

INCIDENTS IN THE MIMIC FIGHT WITNESSED BY THE COLONIAL PREMIERS.

1. The invaders landing with the flag. 2. A long gun being brought ashore in an ingenious manner. 3. Placards for the instruction of the manœuvrers. 4. Repelling an attack—The fight round the armoured train. 5. The invaders landing guns after obtaining foothold on shore. 6. The approach of the enemy from the sea.



HUMOURS OF THE WEEK.

Already Arranged.

The tenant faced the landlord with a determined look.

"That man you let into the room above me last week," he said, "plays the flute."

"Does he play much?"

"No; he only plays a little. He plays a great deal of the time, but he only plays a little."

"You mean that he's a poor player."

"I mean that he's a player with poor taste. Any flutist that gets up at two o'clock in the morning and tootles out scales and things can't have much taste, to my way of thinking."

"I'll have to have a talk with him," said the landlord.

"It's no use," sighed the tenant. "He won't listen to you."

"We'll soon find out about that," said the landlord, as he reached for his hat.

"It's no use, I tell you," responded the tenant. "He and I had a fight last night, and I broke his flute, and he moved out this morning. That's what I came to tell you!"—*Answers.*

A Brave Singer.

"I tell you," said one man to another, as they emerged from the dimly-lighted corridor of a concert-hall, "I envy that fellow who was singing."

"Envy him!" echoed the other. "Well, if I were going to envy a singer I'd select somebody with a better voice. His was about the poorest voice I ever heard."

"It's not his voice I envy, man," was the reply, "It's his tremendous courage."

Gentle Cynicisms.

A warm friend is the kind to freeze on to.

***

A girl isn't necessarily breezy because she puts on a lot of airs.

***

It is unlucky to come home hungry and find a black cat in the pantry.

***

Unless a man is willing to do something he will amount to nothing.

***

No woman ever attributes her husband's loss of appetite to her own cooking.

***

It may be hard for a girl to love her enemies, but she invites them all to her wedding, anyhow.

***

One mother-in-law is enough to convince the average man that polygamy is all wrong.

***

Nature doesn't always distribute her gifts with discretion. There is the man with whiskers and a bald head, for instance.—*The Reader.*

'Sally was a very fine girl, thrifty, industrious, and of a domestic turn. She was not so pretty as some other girls, but James, the swain in question, had courted her in his early years. When he had prospered and earned a little money he became infatuated with Mary, sweet, pretty, but always idle. Friends at first were puzzled by the double courtship, but after a while they decided that Mary was the favoured one.

Suddenly James married Sally.

The clergyman who performed the ceremony had a little of the curiosity which possesses all mankind.

"James," he said, "we all thought you were going to marry Mary."

"Yes," replied James, "but I thought if I married Mary I should have to engage Sally to wait on her. If I married Sally she would wait on herself."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

Impossible.

A portly youth entered the concert-room, and slowly pushed his way down the crowded row towards his seat. This was far from an easy undertaking.

Suddenly the portly one stepped on the foot of a small man, who was half-hidden behind a pair of opera-glasses.

"Hang it, Sir! can't you see my feet?" expostulated the little man in a loud whisper.

"Impossible,' Sir!" calmly replied the stout youth, stopping for an instant as he prepared to sit down; "you've got your shoes on!"

Easily Explained.

In a certain village cricket match the visiting team received scant justice from the local umpire, who had apparently set his mind on a victory for the home eleven.

At length the captain of the latter team got his leg in front of a straight ball, and the bowler whipped round and demanded:

"How's that, umpire?"

The umpire hesitated, and finally said that there was a doubt about it, and the batsman was entitled to the benefit of it.

"Ye see," he remarked coolly, "I w warn't lookin' jist then!"

"Not looking?" retorted the bowler, who had been given out "leg before" by the same umpire earlier in the day. "Not looking? You were wide awake enough when I was batting, anyhow!"

The umpire smilingly acknowledged that such was the fact.

"Aye, aye, o' course," he remarked, adding with startling candour, "but ye're no' on oor soide!"—*Chums.*

In Advance.

The woman who once had charge of a certain village post-office, but who has now been relieved of her responsibilities, was strongly suspected of tampering with the parcels entrusted to her care.

One day a rosy-cheeked youngster, dressed in his best clothes, entered the post-office and carefully laid a huge slice of iced cake on the counter.

"With my sister, the bride's compliments, and will you please eat as much of it as you can?" he said.

The postmistress smiled delightedly.

"How very kind of the bride to remember me!" she cried. "Did she know of my weakness for wedding-cake?"

"She did," answered the youngster coldly; "and she thought she'd send yer a bit of it this afternoon, just to take the edge off yer appetite before she posted any boxes o' cake to her friends."

"A LION AMONG LADIES IS A MOST DREADFUL THING."

MRS. GEORGE: Oh, George, if that dreadful lion broke loose, who would you save first—the children or me?

GEORGE (without hesitation): Me!

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.

YOU SAVE EACH TIME

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RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

Only Then

A smartly-dressed young man was chatting with a prominent financier of a most economical disposition, when the latter suddenly drew attention to the suit of clothes he was then wearing.

"I never pay fancy prices for made-to-order garments," he said. "Now, here's a suit for which I paid forty-five shillings. Appearances are very deceptive. If I told you I purchased it for four or five guineas, you'd probably believe that to be the truth."

"I would if you told me by telephone," replied the young man.

Truly Said.

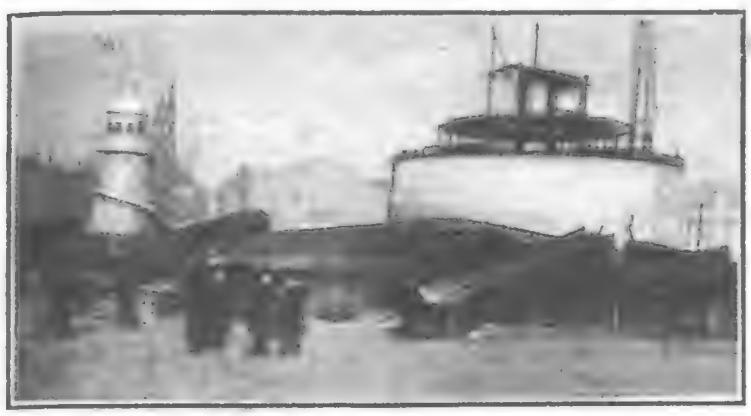
Customer: "Look here, that horse you sold me runs away, kicks, bites, and tries to tear down the stable at night. You told me that if I got him I wouldn't part with him for one hundred pounds."

Dealer: "Well, you won't."

Logic Before Love.

A certain youth in a Midland town daringly courted two girls at the same time. One was Sally; the other was Mary.

THE BALKAN STATES EXHIBITION.



THE LAST PIECE OF THE OLD EARL'S COURT: REMNANTS OF THE BIG WHEEL.

SERVIA IN LONDON.

LORD MAYOR OPENS THE BALKAN EXHIBITION.

On Saturday a procession, headed by half a dozen footmen in gorgeous liveries, and adorned by the presence of the Sword Bearer, the Mace Bearer, and the City Marshal, the Lord Mayor and his supporting Sheriffs in their robes of office, attended to open the Exhibition at Earl's Court.

A halt was made in the Imperial Court, where the Lord Mayor briefly declared the exhibition open, and on the way to the Quadrant Restaurant, where luncheon was served, visits were paid to some of the most interesting of the exhibits.

FLOURISHING TRADES.

The industries of what the Servian Minister called "the little children" among European nations are not very familiar over here. But there are many flourishing trades carried on in the Balkans, and the present exhibition will not only be an entertainment, but a liberal education in the resources of Eastern Europe.

In his speech the Bulgarian Diplomatic Agent referred to the part which England and the "Grand Old Man" played in the emancipation of that romantic country.

"Now some thirty years since she became mistress of her own destiny," said his Excellency, "she has come to the capital of the British Empire to show the British people what use she has made of her freedom, and to demonstrate that she has proved worthy of sympathy you have so generously and so lavishly bestowed upon her."

A strange incident occured during luncheon, when the health of the King of Servia was proposed. Two men of foreign aspect shouted excitedly, "No, no! murderer!" and several refrained from drinking.

The healths of the Prince of Montenegro and the Prince of Bulgaria, who telegraphed good wishes, were drunk with enthusiasm.

All the old features have been retained at Earl's Court except the Great Wheel, which had ceased to be attractive. The grounds are as delightful as ever, the Side Shows are excellent, the music is first class. And what will prove to be a formidable rival to the Balkan Exhibition itself is the Japanese village in the Empress hall. This is a really admirable reproduction of a bit of the real Japan, or perhaps it would be more correct to say, of Japan 20 years ago, before it became modernised.

THE FIFTY CLUB.

A most enjoyable evening was spent by the members of a new-comer among London clubs—the Fifty Club—at the Gaiety Restaurant last week, where a large party sat down to an excellent dinner. Mr. Joseph Lyons presided, and among those present were Messrs. Eugen Sandow, Jocelyn Brandon, L.C.C., Norman M. Goddard, T. Marlowe, Chance Newton, St. John Brennan, Hamilton Edwards, A. Lawrence, and many other distinguished members and guests. After dinner a concert of exceptional excellence was contributed by, among others, the brilliant Miss Margaret Cooper, who hurried down especially from the Palace Theatre to do honour to the new Club; Miss Emily Foxcroft, who sang with all her usual sweetness; Miss Ethel Dyer, who took a large share in the evening's honours, Messrs. Algernon Newark, Percy French, Charles Rock, Harry Franckiss, and G. C. Fry. The Mona Welsh Ladies' Quartette played very delightfully during dinner.

MOUNT ETNA ACTIVE.

The activity of Mount Etna is increasing. The mouth at the base of the central crater is emitting smoke and small incandescent stones, and another mouth of smaller dimensions has opened and is throwing up boiling lava. At the observatory the sound of an almost continuous eruption has been heard.

THE STRANDED "DAKOTA" TO COST UNDERWRITERS £750,000.

The Liverpool Salvage Association today received cable advices from Japan reporting on the prospects of refloating the American-Pacific liner *Dakota*, which stranded near Sagami some months ago. The liner is now broken in two both bow and stern, and is sunk in deep water. Part of the cargo may yet be salved, but the prospect of saving the liner herself is hopeless. The *Dakota*, with her cargo, was insured in London, and represents a loss to London underwriters of three-quarters of a million

TUBE FATALITY.

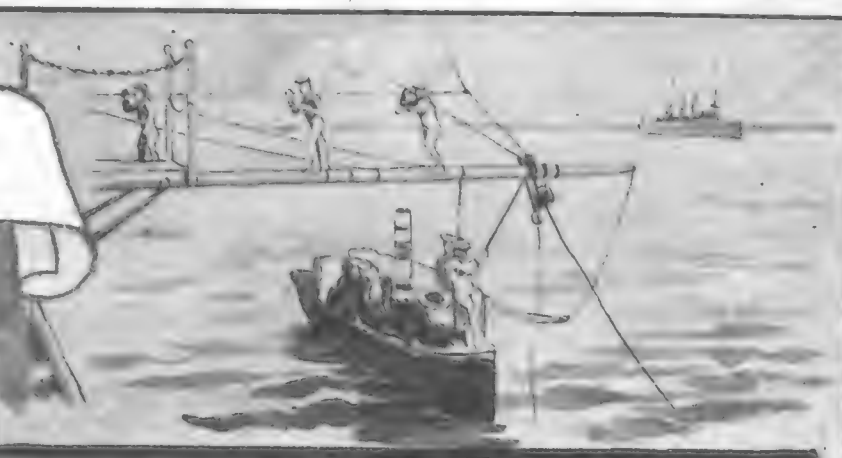
A verdict of accidental death was returned on Tuesday at the inquest upon Edward Arthur Thorpe, a lift attendant on the "Bakerloo," who fell down the lift well at the Oxford Circus Station. Thorpe had evidently tried to place a teacan on a ledge just inside the well, although it was a rule that employés were not to take refreshment except in the mess-room.

THE BALKAN STATES EXHIBITION: THE LORD MAYOR OPENING THE EXHIBITION IN STATE.

THE TRIAL OF THE WEST HAM GUARDIANS.

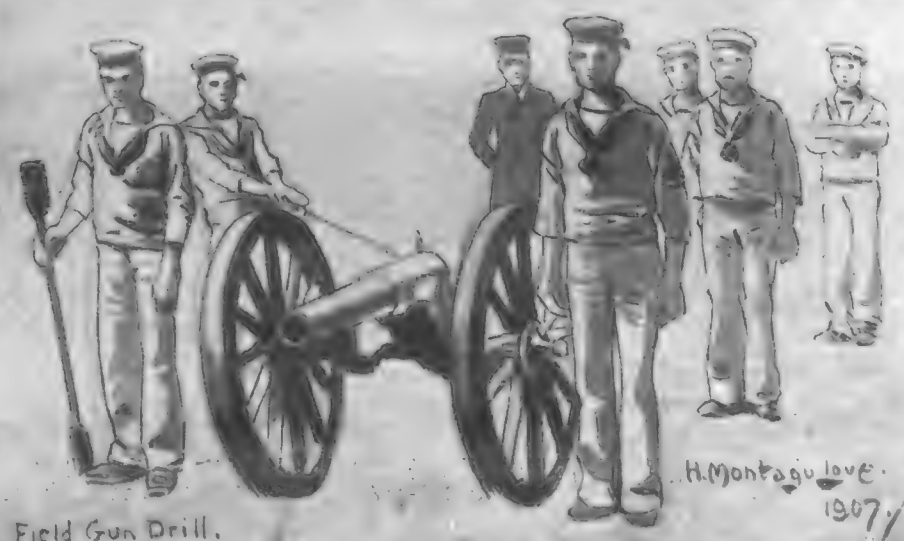
Our artist has succeeded in catching striking portraits of all the chief actors in this sensational case.

FAMOUS SHIPS
No 5
H.M.S. UNDAUNTED



Napoleon's Farewell before Embar[illegible]

Keeping Station in a Fleet



Field Gun Drill.

H.Montagu Love. 1907

H.M.S. "UNDAUNTED."

The first "Undaunted" was christened in commemoration of a singularly daring capture of a French frigate, the "Bien Venu," in 1794, by Commander Robert Faulkner, Admiral Sir John Jervis giving this officer his captaincy immediately after the engagement, and giving him command of the French frigate, which, he said, "I have named after yourself, Sir, the 'Undaunted.'" The present "Undaunted" is a cruiser of the "Orlando" class. These ships are good sea-boats and are very light, the "Undaunted" making 19·5 knots in the four hours' forced-draught trial. She was launched in 1886.

MR. ROBERT EDESON
As "Strongheart."

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

Race Problem at the Aldwych.

ROBERT EDESON, the popular American "star," opened a season at the Aldwych last Wednesday with "Strongheart," a play of college life by William C. de Mille, which has been presented for the past three years with great success in America. Mr. de Mille has provided for Mr. Edeson a vehicle that is unconventional in every sense of the word, for its theme is one that has never before been utilised for stage purposes, and its central figure is a type new to the stage. The problem presented by "Strongheart" is that of the romance of an educated Indian chief and a woman not of his race. Strongheart is the son of an Indian chief, and a hero of the gridiron. He is introduced by the author at Columbia University and figures prominently in its breezy, bustling life; in fact, he becomes a brother comrade, is welcomed to their homes, with the result that he falls in love with the sister of his chum. Racial prejudice is aroused, and the white men indignantly reject his suit. Even though the object of his affections would follow him and share in his life's work among his people, they, in turn, object to her as the wife of their future chief. "Strongheart" has another equally strong appeal to popularity, for it pictures vividly College life of to-day, and its scenes reflect the days that every theatre-goer likes to recall — the days of his youth, of spontaneous fun, of frolic, and fraternities. The action takes place on the eve of and during a football game, the contest of the year. An act of treachery is discovered, and suspicion fastens upon Strongheart, who is afterwards proven innocent. The second act shows the interior of the training quarters, betwcen the first and second halves of the game. As an episode it is highly dramatic, with a sensational climax, and a strong claim to novelty in that there are no women introduced in the scene. Mr. de Mille is a Columbia man, and therefore knows whereof he writes, and has depicted college life with rare fidelity. "Strongheart" is in no sense a one-part play, for every well-known figure of college life is portrayed—from the football hero to the scholastic "grind." For its representation Mr. Harris has selected a company of excellent actors, that includes Mary Boland, Edmund Breese, Sydney Ainsworth, Richard Bennett, Marjorie Wood, Francis Bonn, Frank J. McIntyre, Guinia Strakosch, David Todd, Richard Sterling, Harrison Ford, Clay Boyd, Paul Dickey, Gertrude Thornton, and Amy Ravenscroft.

Changes at the Palace.

There are several notable changes in the programme of the Palace Theatre. Mr. Horace Goldin, the famous illusionist, returns after an absence of over two years; the Spissel Brothers and Mack, with a novel comedy acrobatic performance, Les Dumonds, the popular French minstrels, and Chirgwin, are also included. Miss Margaret Cooper and Mr. Fred Niblo remain in the bill. In the Bioscope programme, the film picturing the beautiful horses belonging to Mr. Winans, who is to champion the English cause at the International Horse Show at Olympia next June, has proved extremely popular, and its retention for some time is assured.

Countess Becomes a Dramatist.

A theatrical event of unusual interest took place at the end of April, when a play which has been written by the Countess of Cromartie was performed at the Playhouse, Mr. Cyril Maude's beautiful theatre in Northumberland Avenue. Lady Cromartie, who is one of the youngest and prettiest peeresses, and one of the few peeresses in her own right, is already known as a clever authoress, but this was the first time that she had come before the public as a dramatist. "The Finding of the Sword" is the title of her play. It deals with the idea of reincarnation, and is of a semi-mystical character, although the subject is treated in a modern garb.

MISS MARY BOLAND,
As Dorothy in "Strongheart,"
The New Play at the Aldwych.

"STRONGHEART" AT THE ALDWYCH.
The great football scene in Act II. The play is based on the race problem, Shall an Indian marry a white girl? which has always been a burning question in America.

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RESISTS COLD AND DAMP
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The World of Women

Conducted by ELLICE BEERE.

MANY people are now putting their furs away for the summer, and some persons have an idea that it is a good thing to put them in the sun or out of doors first; but this is a very mistaken idea, for the moths will then make an excellent abiding-place of them for their summer quarters. Furs should be always dried in a strong wind, and put away in hot tin boxes with close-fitting lids; or, if this is not possible, place them in stout brown paper, doubling the edges over, and securely sewing down with a needle and thread.

The Care of Furs.

Smart little cape-boleros of cloth or silk are requisitioned to wear out of doors over simple house-gowns. Thus, such a dress is very useful for those of limited dress-allowance, as it is made to serve a twofold purpose. The kimono-sleeve is undoubtedly the pronounced feature of the spring gowns, and the beautifully soft fabrics of silk and wool now obtainable are specially adapted to this picturesque style. Transparent sleeves of net and lace are being elaborately embroidered and inlet with raised medallions of lace, while to smarten up a plain bodice or blouse, nothing could be daintier than the ready-made kimono-braces of silk and lace to be seen at most drapers at a very moderate price. Tiny ball-fringes in silver and gold are being sold as edging for home-made shoulder-straps of chiné ribbon. These shoulder-straps are by no means difficult to contrive at home, even without the aid of a pattern, and many and varied are the fascinating trimmings sold to embellish them. Three to four yards of wide chiné or gauze ribbon will make the shoulder-straps and the sleeve-pieces, and an extra piece must be allowed for the waist-belt, according to the style of it and whether long or short ends are desired at the back. No shaping or cutting-out is necessary, as the ribbon only needs to be graduated by skilful folding. When two lengths of ribbon have been cut to the required length for the shoulder-straps, two other lengths must be cut for the loose sleeve-pieces. The sleeve-pieces and the shoulder-straps may then be laid side by side and joined together for about eight inches. The ends of the sleeve-pieces are then sewn together, so that the arm may be slipped through; while the ends of the shoulder-straps can now be folded or gathered into the waistbelt. Whenever this design is elaborated by insertions of lace or other trimming, or composed of rows of narrower ribbon, it is best to arrange the style and decoration on the flat, and before proceeding to join up the sleeve-pieces or attach the shoulder-straps to the waist.

Home-Made Kimono-Straps.

Now that tomatoes are so cheap and plentiful, here are a few recipes for cooking them. Baked tomatoes make a very nice dish for luncheon or supper, and they are very simply prepared. Skin the tomatoes (which can be done quite deftly after a little practice) and cut out the core. Lay them in a baking-dish and season with pepper and salt. Place a small piece of butter on the top of each, and cover with breadcrumbs. Bake for two hours in a good oven and serve in the dish in which they have been baked. Excellent tomato-soup is made as follows: Scald and peel good ripe tomatoes, stew them one hour, and strain through a sieve. Stir in a very little flour to thicken, and add brown sugar in the proportion of a teaspoonful to a quart of soup. Then boil for five minutes, and the soup is ready for table.

Tomato Recipes.

A capital dish for the children's midday dinner takes the form of stewed figs. Place the figs in a stewpan and just cover with boiling water. Let them simmer for at least an hour until quite soft. Arrange in a deep glass dish and pour over them custard or a little whipped cream, or serve separately in their own syrup, to the accompaniment of a plain rice or other milk pudding. In making cakes an excellent rule to remember is that whatever eggs are used should be added after all the other ingredients are well mixed. This also makes for economy, as, by observing this rule, two eggs will be found to go as far in enriching a cake as three would if added at an earlier stage of the proceedings.

Simple and Wholesome Cookery.

A muslin dressing-gown for 12s. 11d. is a bargain worth acquiring, especially when trimmed with a large collar plentifully adorned with Valenciennes insertions and lace edgings. The sleeves are lined cambric, and have a puff to the elbow and a deep fall of material finished off with insertion and lace. The little gown is of ample width in the skirt, and is trimmed with a frill at the foot and drawn in at the waist by a sash of the muslin.

A Summer Dressing-Gown.

[Copyright.

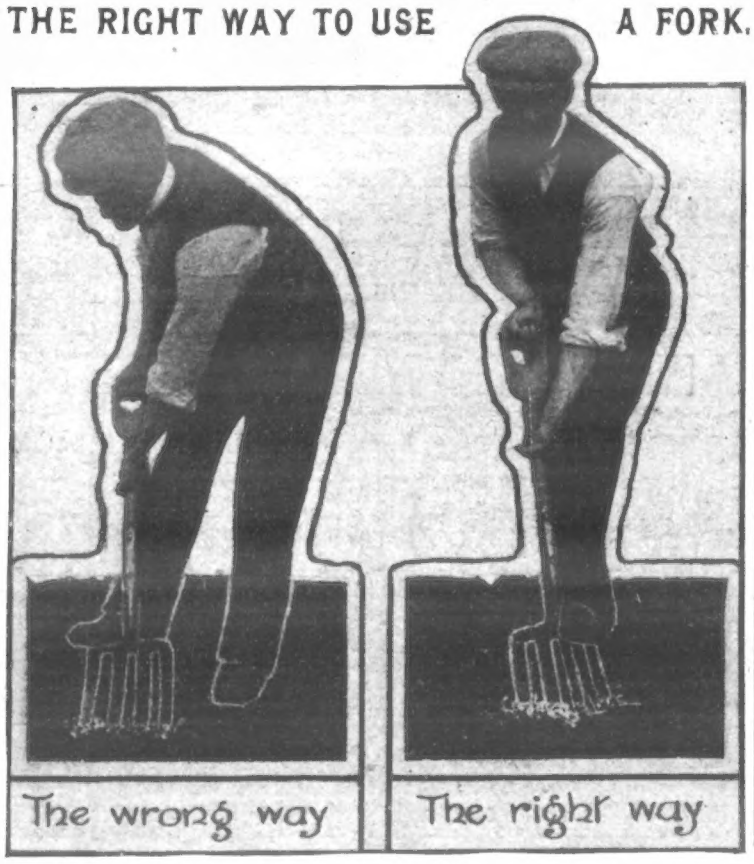
A NEW AND BEWITCHING TAILOR-MADE COSTUME FOR THE SPRING.

'P.I.P.' Gardener and Poultry Farmer.

MAY 13 TO MAY 19.—I could utilise all my space this week railing at the weather, but as they say that to grumble at everything is to advertise one's failure, I will hold my pen in check and content myself by thanking my lucky stars that I do not depend solely upon the soil for a living. The ceaseless rains, the lack of sunshine, and the frosts and winds must have broken many a market gardener's heart ere this. As for my garden programme, much of that outlined for last week remains undone, but among the items on the sowing list in the kitchen garden are runner beans, my final crop of peas, cauliflower, and broccoli for a late crop. There is other work to be done in this section, also. Beet and carrots are to be thinned out, and I shall be planting-out more of the young cabbage plants. Then there is much cleaning and weeding in the beds to be done. It is far too early yet, so far as this backward season goes, to bed-out the vegetable marrow plants. In the flower garden I have still a few seeds to sow, but such bedding-out as I intend to do will be left for a fortnight at least. Dahlias, geraniums, heliotrope, and even the more hardy calceolaria I am keeping in their pots and boxes to await more favourable conditions. Speaking of dahlias, you should, when buying plants, acquaint yourself with the height and colour of each, as colour effect has much to do with success in a border of dahlias; obviously, too, the same remarks apply equally well to chrysanthemums. By the way, as the flower-stalks of carnations advance, they should be fastened to neat sticks; it is an excellent plan also to scatter a little sand round the plants.

My Garden Plans.

THE RIGHT WAY TO USE A FORK.



There is a great art in the simple task of digging, and a bad style is as easily obtained here as at cricket or tennis. The proper method is to stand up squarely to the work, facing it, with the left foot on the left shoulder of the spade or fork. The right hand, palm downwards, clutches the handle of the tool; the left hand, thumb forward, grips the centre of the haft. Press down the spade or fork to its full extent, raise the soil and turn it completely over. To attempt to dig with the right foot, hands misplaced, body twisted, is an unnatural and ineffective style, and twice as tiring to the worker as the proper way. Personally, I firmly believe that in good, sound, deep digging lies the secret of successful gardening, and I have no hesitation in writing that well-dug ground without manure will be more productive than badly dug ground with the finest stimulant imaginable.

The Whole Art of Digging.

Plants need water, just as human beings, too, and there are a few general precepts to be observed in this seemingly simple matter that count greatly towards success or failure. In the first place, all plant-life likes soft water a great deal better than it does hard. The former contains that which is of the greatest importance to plant-life—ammonia; the latter does not. Liquid manure also contains an abundance of ammonia, but naturally needs using in moderation. To carelessly water tender young cuttings in the pot or box state is a great mistake, for the moisture enters the pores where the wound was made in cutting, and rot and decay set in. Then there are many tender youngsters that will not stand anything but a gentle, regular supply of moisture; these you can handle safely by placing the pot containing them in a much larger pot and packing the intervening space with cocoanut fibre. Water may then be conveyed to the plant by means of the fibre. With a little practice you will readily tell when pot-plants need water by tapping the pot, either with your knuckles or something handy that would serve the purpose; a dull, hollow sound denotes dryness. House-ferns are usually satisfied with complete soaking in a pail of water that has been allowed to stand for a few hours in the open air, and here again top-watering is usually a bad method. There are a few plants that do not benefit from syringing, and naturally no plant in the flowering stage should be so treated. In the young state, however, plant-life as a general whole benefits from a good syringing.

Water and Watering.

Speaking generally, lawns that are affected with moss are badly drained, and an opportunity should be taken in the winter to rectify this matter—the real seat of the trouble. To get rid of this excess of moisture a good foundation of absorbent rubble must be laid in and some means provided for the water to escape. Lime kills moss, and a shallow top-dressing may be given in winter, and seed sown in the bare patches as spring advances. Many seedsmen, indeed, sell a special moss-killer for such use. To rid a lawn "now to wanst," as an Irishman might say, a gravel or iron rake should be brought into use, and the patches boldly combed away. In the naked spots thus left, lawn seed should be sown and the whole well rolled. In a lawn that is drained efficiently, the grass will oust moss naturally.

Moss in Lawns.

It is none too soon to see about getting litter to strew between plants in the strawberry-bed, to prevent rain from splashing the fruit, and sound straw in short lengths is the best stuff to use. When I go to order my supply of straw each year, I endeavour to meet the carman who is to get the load from the loft and deliver it, and by bestowing a gratuity, I find myself well rewarded for the trouble. Barley-straw is the best, if obtainable, and it should be carefully packed in round the plants, not too thickly. You need not be too particular of stray ends, for in a few days they will flatten in place.

Strawberry Litter.

May is a busy month in the poultry-yard, and owing to the backward season, you can keep your broody hens busily engaged. Chickens hatched in May come in for table at a very useful time, and the pullets should be laying before Christmas with ordinary attention. At this time of year fowls in an open run can pick up the greater proportion of their food, but with all fowls a safe plan to bear in mind at feeding-time is to give just as much food as they will eat greedily and eagerly, and no more. An overfed fowl is unhealthy and unsuccessful, though, naturally, I do not include in these remarks the cockerels you are fattening up. They need stuffing purely and simply, combined with reasonable exercise. With ordinary birds in close captivity three meals a day is sufficient; soft food, such as barley-meal in the morning, house scraps, green foods, and oddments at mid-day, and grain in the evening.

In the Poultry-Yard.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

MRS. B.—You ought to get all your turkey poults hatched out during May. The summer-hatched birds do not have the chances of spring poults. They must be tenderly reared, and damp ground inevitably proves fatal. Give the poults a hard-boiled egg diet for the first few days.

J. COLLINS (Bangor).—As you are exhibiting you ought certainly to reduce the number of your rosebuds, taking out those most forward and leaving those nearest equality in size, that they may flower together, if you want a large truss on a single stem. On the other hand, if you need single blooms, leave the foremost and largest buds and increase their vigour by removing some of the smaller ones.

MISS J. PRICE.—Oh, please don't give up gardening! If you find the dirt such an obstacle, try the plan of soaping your nails. Dig the nails into a cake of common yellow soap till there is a deposit beneath them, and at the end of your gardening operations it will wash out with complete cleanliness. I agree that gloves are hopeless for gardening.

W. COBBOLD.—As your seat looks so bare and out in the cold, try a three-sided hedge of privet round it. I have seen this plan carried out most effectively with the privet planted in a three-sided bank, the sides of which were banked up with old bricks and stonework. It gives a truly rustic touch.

I am always pleased to answer inquiries, and where a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed, will do so through the post direct. Address inquiries to me personally at the *P.I.P.* Offices, 172, Strand, London, W.C.

A. COURLAND MARSHALL.

Miss Desperado.

By HENRY T. JOHNSON.

(Continued from page 293.)

CHAPTER XIV. *(Continued.)*

"I cannot, I do not, admit any acquaintance; if you are a gentleman, you will not intrude any unwelcome claim to such," she said defiantly.

Mr. Gibson smiled and shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly. "I admit," he said, "that the dusty wayfarer can hardly claim acquaintance on the strength of a convent schoolgirl's charity, can he, Miss—Delahay?"

She started, flushing angrily, and whispered hastily, "You are mistaken, Sir; that is not my name."

"At present, quite so," Mr. Gibson chuckled softly; "but as the late Mr. Shakspere, who had something to say on most matters, observes, 'what 's in a name?' Such a rose as Miss Delahay would look as sweet by Jerningham or any other name."

It was not time now for empty expostulation. Like a steel-nerved gambler whose opponent has planked down his strongest trump, Marah Delahay looked the man Gibson straight in the eyes.

And with a quiet defiance more impressive than high words in strident tones, she said, steadily, "Even assuming that I were the person you mention, what right would that give you to intrude acquaintance on me, merely on the strength of my having afforded you a trifling promiscuous hospitality?"

"Granted, none whatever," Mr. Gibson replied promptly; "indeed, common gratitude would forbid anything of the kind. The worst of it is, dear young lady, in this wretched world of ours, gratitude, inclination, and innumerable other beautiful sentiments and impulses are subordinated, suppressed, pulverised, and blown to the four winds of heaven by that ruthless, wretched tyrant, exigency."

"May I ask how would you prove your preposterous story—in the face of the facts?" she asked.

"That 's just what I've been considering," the matter-of-fact Mr. Gibson replied. "Of course, one has to face the fact that Marah Delahay was presumed to have been drowned in the North Sea one certain fatal night, that she was so friendless that no one appeared to dispute the contention, or, for the matter of that, even lament it; furthermore, that it never having been expected that Diana Jerningham would inherit the family estates, her few relatives saw little or nothing of her from the time she, a tiny child, was placed in the school where she and Marah Delahay passed so many long years, not even leaving it for holidays; you know poor Diana told me that herself."

"I know I warned her not to be so communicative to a mere tramp," said Marah, with hasty anger, repenting that haste as swiftly as the admission had escaped her.

And Mr. Gibson chuckled: "I know you did; I remember it quite well. None of us ever dreamed at the moment that it would be you who would repent the dear child's confiding loquacity. But to the argument. There still remain the dear, saintly, placid nuns, who knew their Marah and loved their Diana—and who cannot lie."

"Well, well," said Marah, who had not lost with her points her courage, "what does all this come to? An attempt, I suppose, at blackmail?"

"Suppose," said Mr. Gibson suavely, "we use nicer words."

"Ugly words fit ugly actions."

"Perhaps. But just suppose, my dear young lady, that the vagrant tramp who interested those two charming English girls, possessed some traces or suggestion of having at some remote period or other been something of a gentleman, retained some vestige of the old form; at all events a preference for being gentlemanly, even in his blackguardism; and, added to this, a kindly recollection of a cooling draught of buttermilk, delicious as nectar or ambrosia, tendered by cool, dimpled, and gentle hands, and of kind words in his own tongue in that foreign land, in that time of hunger, thirst, and agonising stress——Hello! what 's that? a bird—or a rat?" And, raising his stick, he slashed it across a clump of laurels just where he had seen a movement.

With an angry exclamation Eli Harker, from beneath their ambush, sprang erect, rubbing his shoulder, and demanded heatedly the why and wherefore.

"My dear Mr. Harker," Gibson asked, "who would have thought to find you crouching there?"

"If a man can't stoop to fasten up his lace in a garden-corner, it 's a pity," growled Eli. "But what were you palavering with Miss Jerningham about?"

Mr. Gibson looked steadily into the Ferret's beady eyes, wondering how much the Ferret knew. And thus the two men stood facing each other with distrustful curiosity, the girl, the subject of Eli's question, having meantime disappeared beyond the bowers and trim box hedges. Then Mr. Gibson laughed lightly. "I was merely renewing the acquaintance I mentioned the other day, Ferret, and a very pleasant acquaintance too."

"A profitable acquaintance?"

"What do you mean?" Gibson asked, with a concentrated look as though endeavouring to read the other's brain. And the Ferret grinned: "Nothing at all, only it isn't like you to take much trouble about anything thing that is unprofitable." And at that moment the colloquy was interrupted by the approach of a bevy of enthusiasts in horticulture, chattering learnedly of various blooms, and some of them eyeing Mr. Gibson askance.

But their glances, frigid and curious as some of them were, were lost upon the imperturbable Gibson, who airily went his way, wondering only how much the Ferret had overheard.

The latter too went his own gait, whistling softly but impressively to himself, until his meditations were brusquely interrupted by the indignant voice of Mrs. Jerningham.

"Harker, what does it all mean? Everyone is discussing the audacious intrusion here of a man who is said to have been a billiard-marker in the Bayminster Hotel, and to have been dismissed for getting tipsy. And people have been astounded to find him conversing apparently on friendly terms with the Man or House steward."

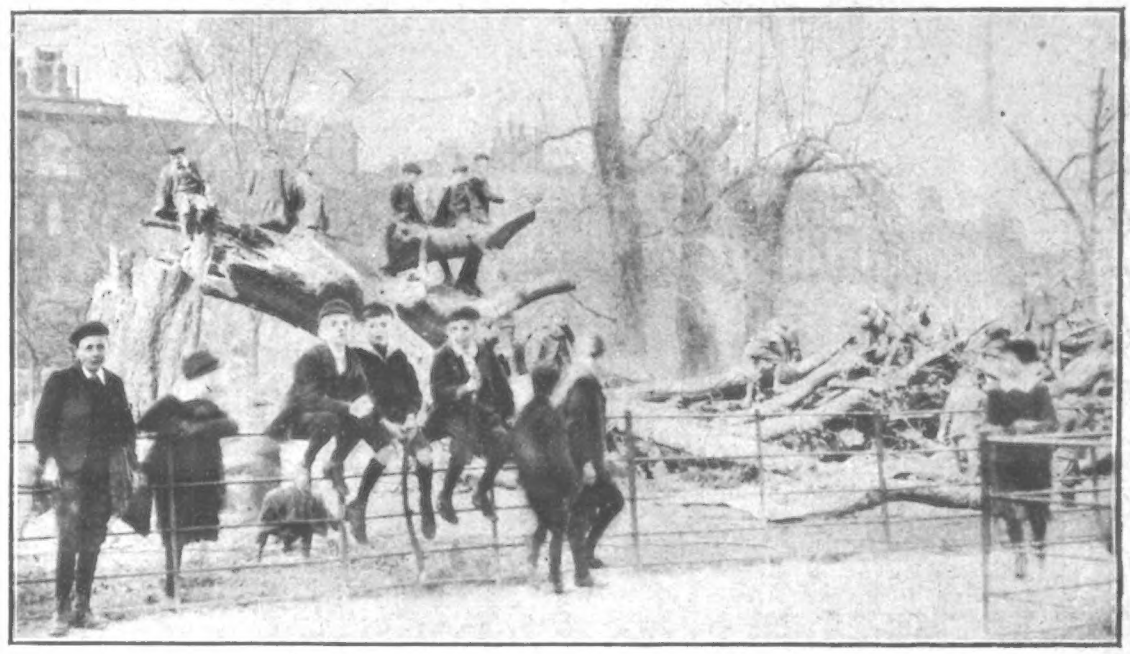
"Friendly terms!" Eli Harker shrugged his shoulders still stinging with the stroke of Mr. Gibson's malacca.

But Mrs. Jerningham added icily, "I imagine that your employer would hardly be gratified to hear of it."

"I don't know," said Harker, in an undertone, "perhaps she wouldn't very well be able to object."

Struck by the emphasis with which his words were spoken, even more than by the words themselves, Matthew Jerningham's widow demanded his meaning. And he answered, "Wonder what people would have said if they had seen Miss Jerningham herself in close confab with the ex-billiard-marker who was sacked from the Minster Hotel for drunkenness."

(To be continued.)



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What is the most popular hair tonic among Royalty? We should say without hesitation, Edwards' "Harlene," for certainly the proprietors of this speciality have by far the largest collection of letters from Royal personages thanking them for the benefit it has wrought. Not content to simply use "Harlene" themselves, many of our nobility have recommended it with perfect confidence to their friends. We could give a whole column of Royal names of users of "Harlene," but that is not the object of this article. Our object is to make it as widely known as possible that an opportunity is now presented to every person in every circle of life to obtain the same benefits as those enjoyed by Royalty, but absolutely free of charge.

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